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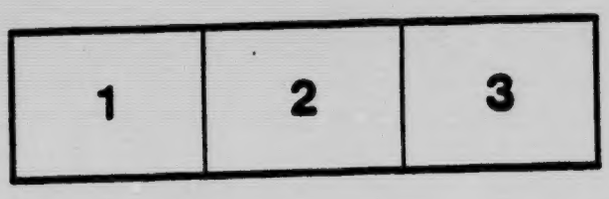

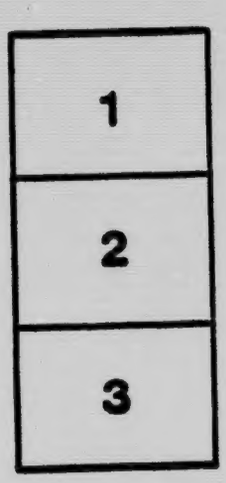

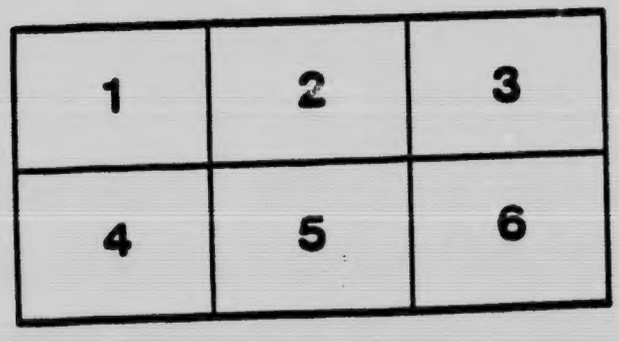

NBM
0835

THE NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC COURSE

BY

CHARLES E. WHITING

Fourth Reader

orized for use in the Schools of New Brunswick

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The New Public School Music Course

THE NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC COURSE

Its Inspiration As the literature of the world is the flower of its folk-lore, so music — the great tone-poems of the masters, is the florescence of folk-song. As true appreciation of what is ex ellent in literature is possible only with knowledge of the folk-lore in which it is rooted, so a just appreciation of what is excellent in music, is possible only through familiarity with the folk-songs which have forerun and typified the larger and more complex compositions. Sprung many of them from undiscovered sources, living for hundreds of years on the lips of the people, passing from generation to generation and voicing each to the next its tenderest and most sublime emotions, they stand to us as more than song, more than story, — a veritable artery of emotional life and feeling pulsing in unbroken rhythm from the earliest times to the present day.

Its Pedagogy As the development of the child follows the development of the race, so his development in music should follow its development in the race. The New Public School Music Course is based upon this fundamental principle of education. The folk-song is its key-note, its *motif* and its theme. Upon the folk-song it stands, an earnest effort to lead the children in song to the heritage of the ages which is rightfully theirs.

Its Material Many of the melodies were obtained by the author and others directly from the peoples by whom they were developed and sung, carefully reduced to writing at the time and subsequently verified. Others, ornamented and used as themes by the masters, have been followed toward their source, divested of that which was not theirs in the mouths of the people, and restored to their former simplicity of tune and time. Still others stand as they have stood since the memory of man.

Its Arrangement The [illegible]er to differentiate in the minds of the pupils that which is cultural from that which is purely technical, the former material has been grouped as Songs and the latter as Exercises. As accuracy and fluency in sight-reading depend upon the singer's working knowledge of the tonic relation of tones known as movable dō, and as the success of movable dō depends upon constant change of key, the Songs and Exercises have been set in key-rotation rather than in key-chapters, thus securing the advantage of continual change with the convenience of consecutive study,— by page and title in the Songs, and by number in the Exercises. The pedant looking for the development of all possible difficulties in melody and rhythm will note with regret the absence of exercises in the more unusual varieties of measure, of certain accidentals such as flat-five, seldom met with in song except in exercises mechanically constructed expressly for introduction into school music readers, of some keys in the minor mode, and other problems incident to an exhaustive treatment of sight-song.

The educator, however, interested in the development of the child rather than in the elaboration of sequence, will commend their careful exclusion. If the child is to love to sing, he must be given songs not newly written for the purpose and whose enduring worth is yet unknown, but songs whose age-cherished existence has delighted the ear and inspired the tongue of succeeding generations; and if he is to acquire fluency in reading, the few minutes a day allotted to the subject must be devoted exclusively to such problems as are essential to his progress within the limits established by circumstance and environment. For convenience when many or all divisions of a school are gathered for opening exercises or on other occasions demanding united effort in song, the patriotic selections have been grouped as Assembly Selections and appear in all the books of the series identical in melody, rhythm, harmony, text, title and pagination, an arrangement the advantages of which are manifest. The several books will be found free from cues to pupils, scale diagrams, development exercises, instructions to teachers, and all matter more properly belonging to a Teachers' Manual.

Its Application The Supervisor will observe that no attempt has been made in the books to force upon his teachers a method of instruction which may or may not coincide with that which his personal experience has developed and successfully established in the schools whose conditions have been to him a life-study, and whose needs no other can know so well. The New Public School Music Course is not a method of instruction but a collection of original and selected, properly graded, and conveniently bound material, intended for use as follows: In schools under music supervision, in connection with the methods already established by the supervisor in charge. In graded schools without music supervision, in connection with a Teachers' Manual for Graded Schools. In ungraded schools without supervision, in connection with a Teachers' Manual for Ungraded Schools.

Its Readers The First Reader assumes on the part of the pupils a sight-reading knowledge of all combinations of the tones of the diatonic major scale in the several keys, and of measure up to and including the equal division of the beat. The Second Reader includes songs and exercises embracing the fractional division of the beat, a more extended use of accidentals, the minor mode, and two-part song. The Third Reader involves the sub-fractional division of the beat, a more remote approach of accidentals, an extension of the minor mode, and greater freedom of voice in the continuation of two-part song. The Fourth Reader introduces three-part song, which in the Fifth, with its two editions, the G Clef edition for girls' schools and the F Clef edition for boys' schools and mixed schools, affords the largest possible opportunity for real interpretive work.

All the Songs and Exercises in this Series of Music Readers, except when some Composer's name is given, have been composed and are owned by the Author.

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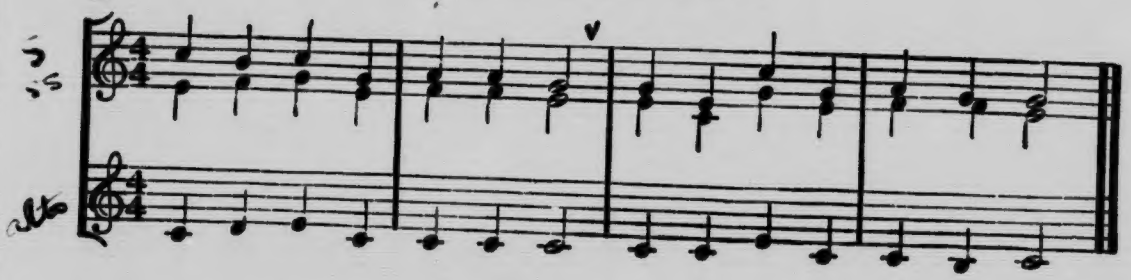

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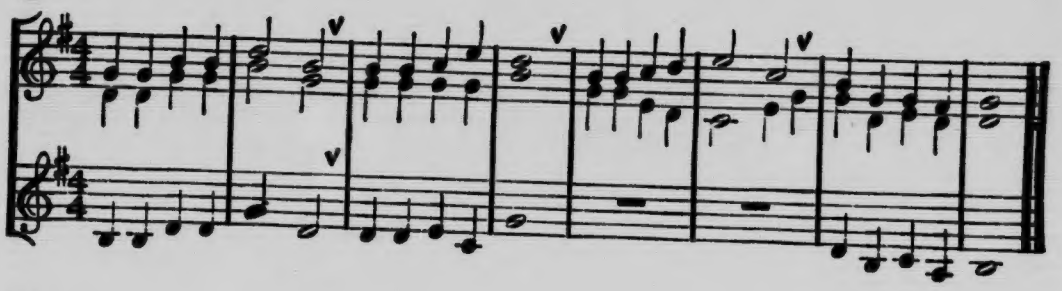

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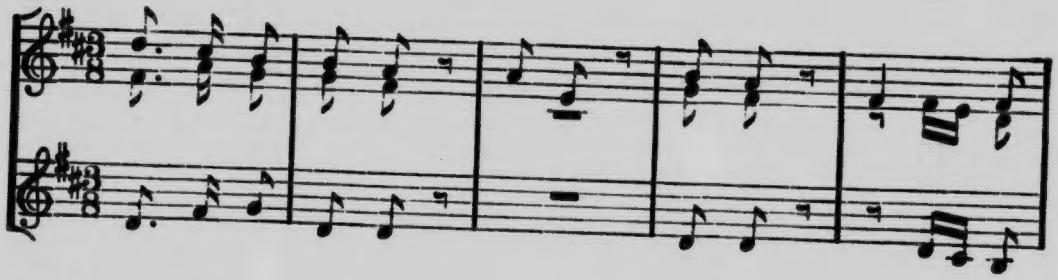

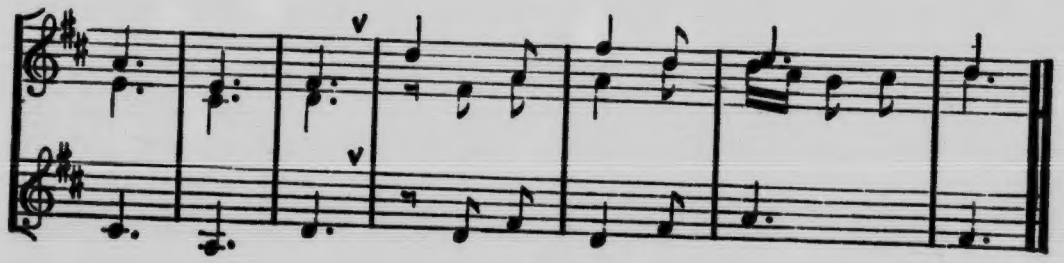

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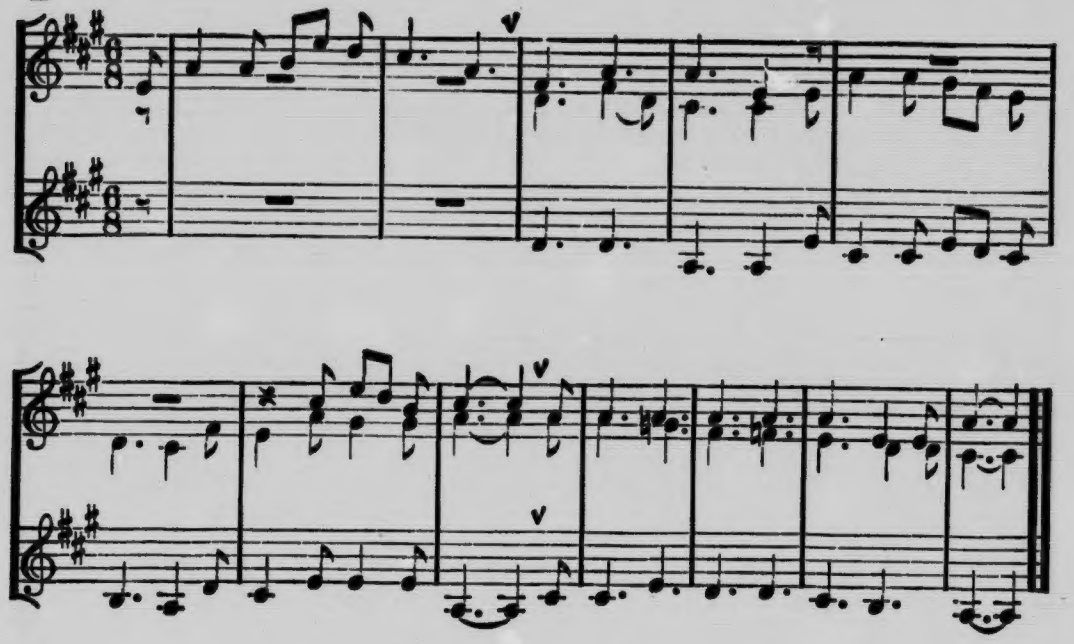

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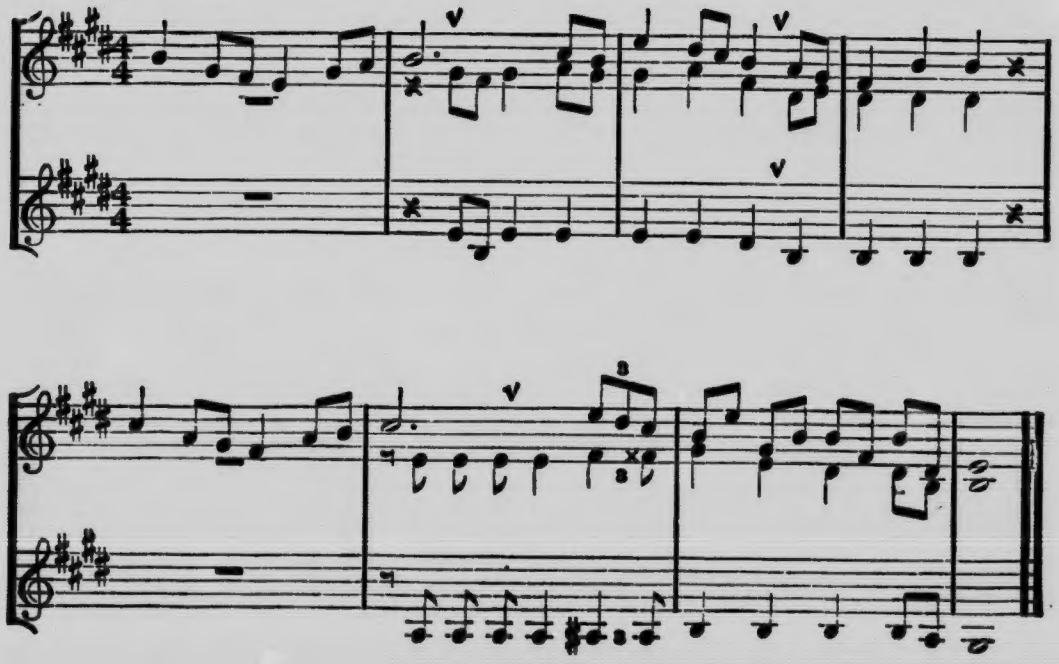

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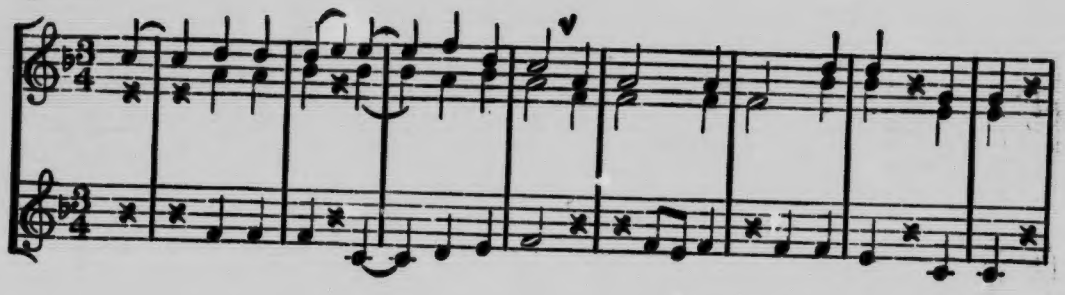

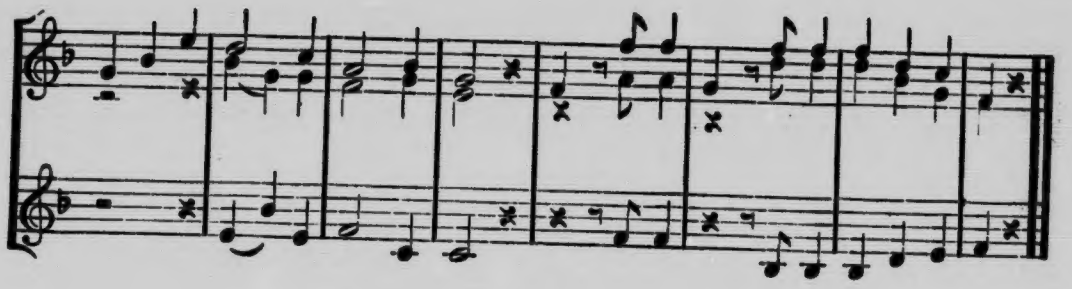

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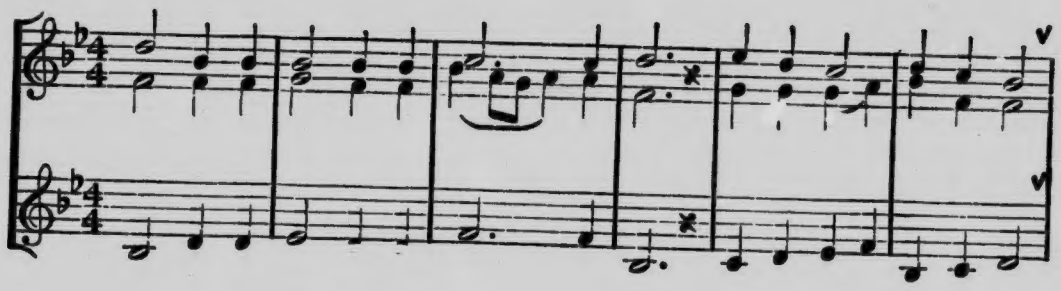

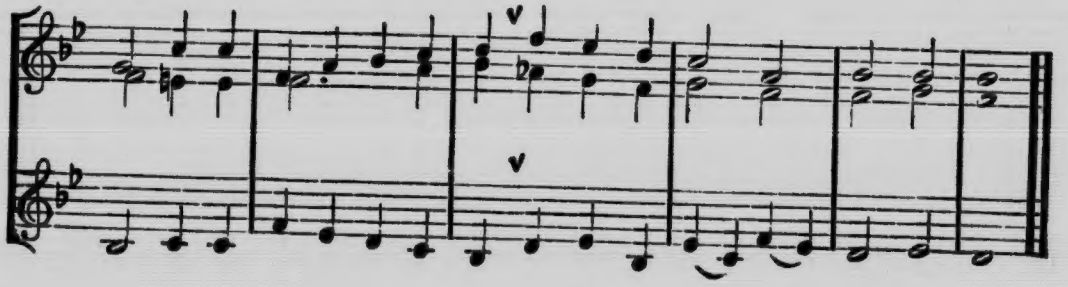

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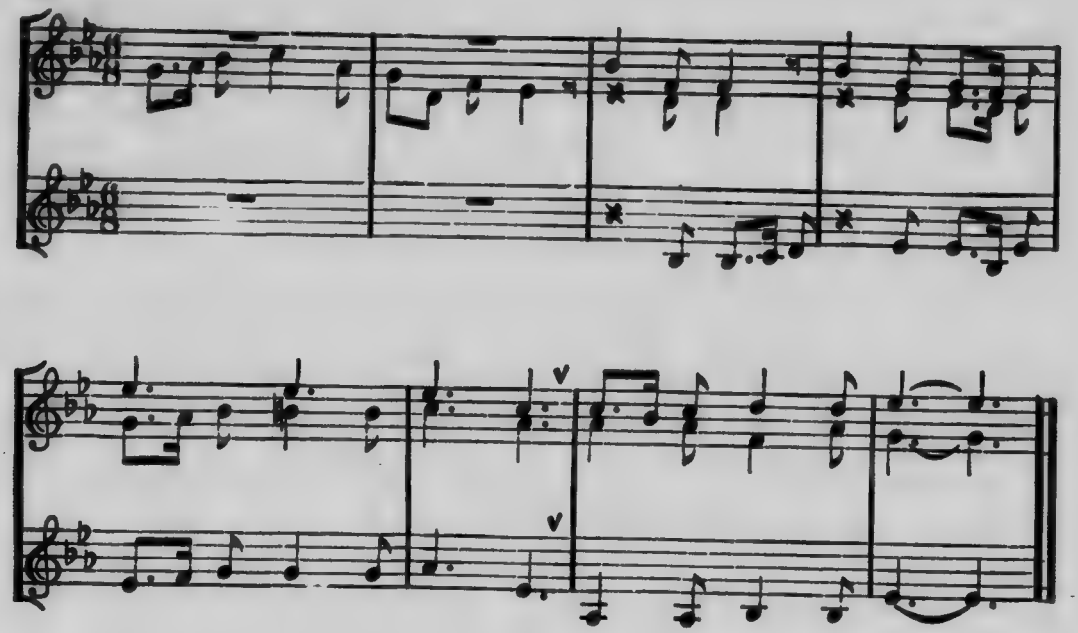

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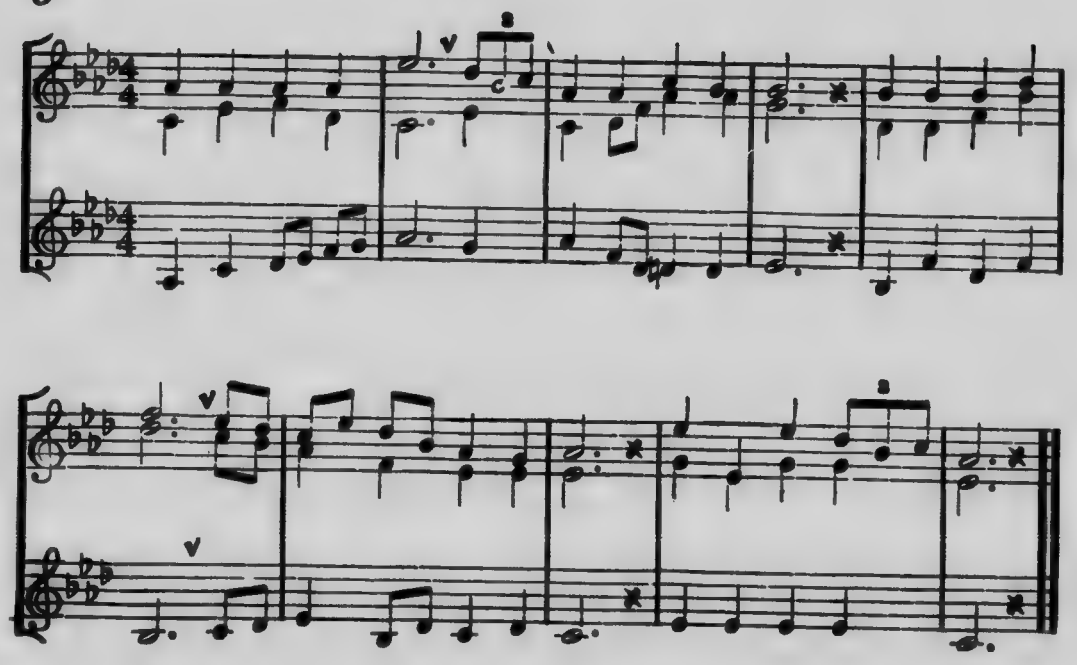

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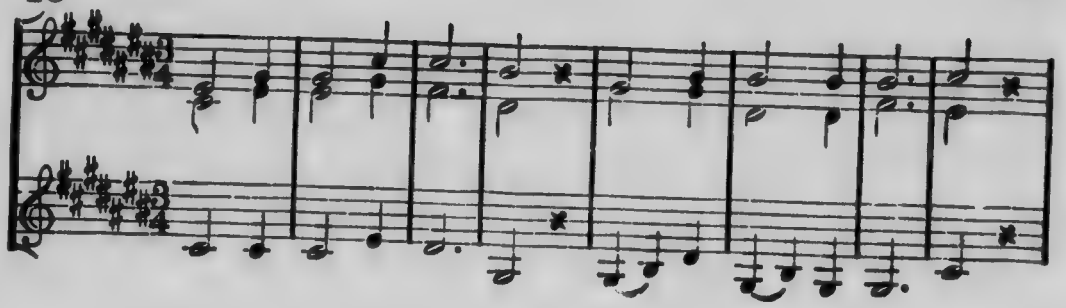

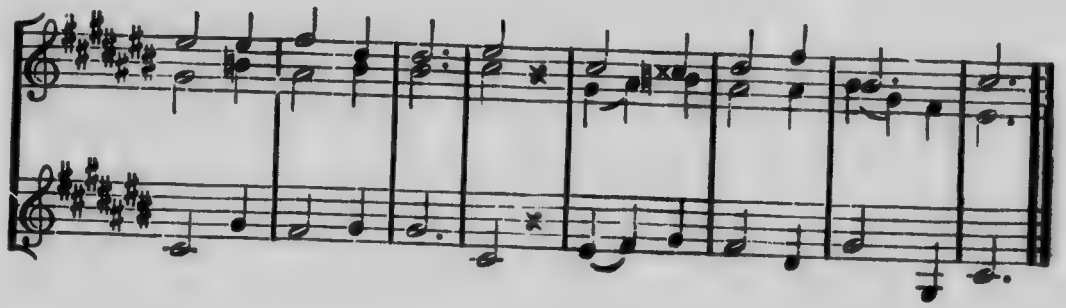

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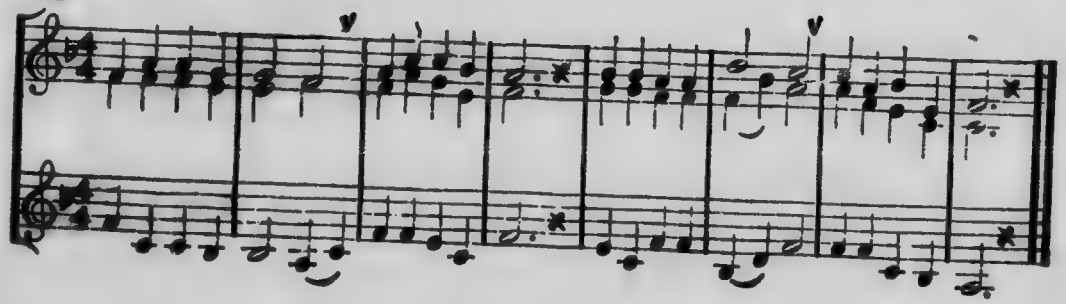

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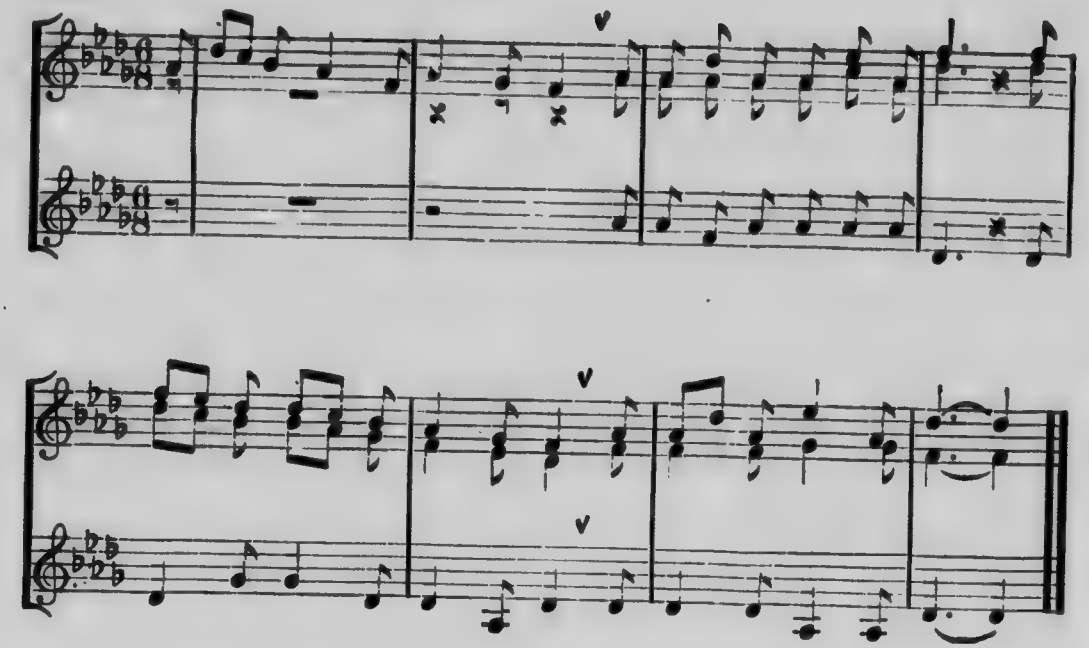

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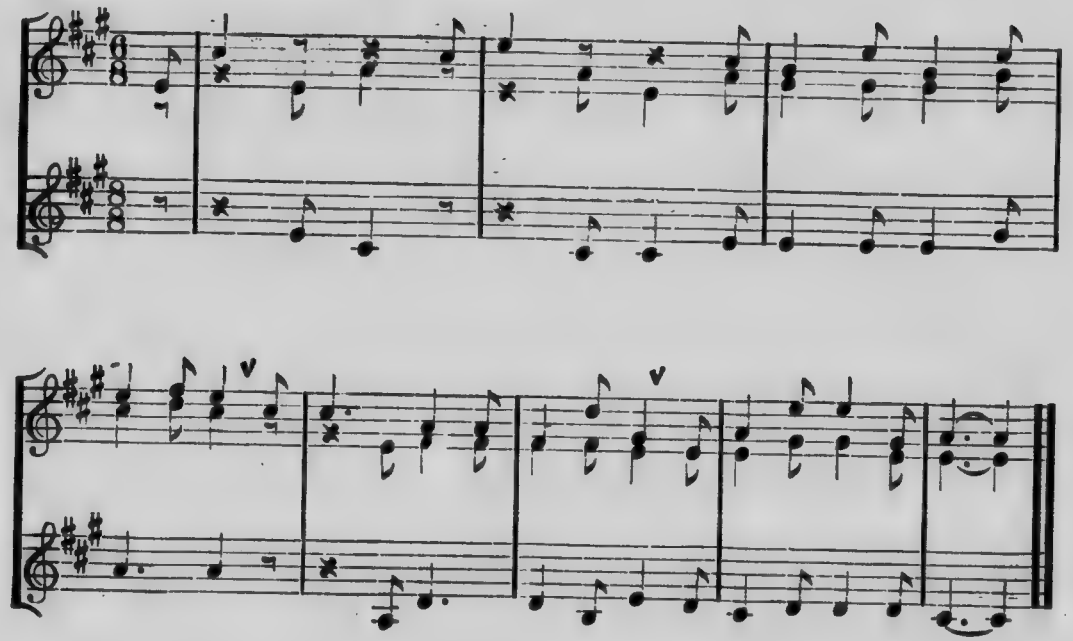

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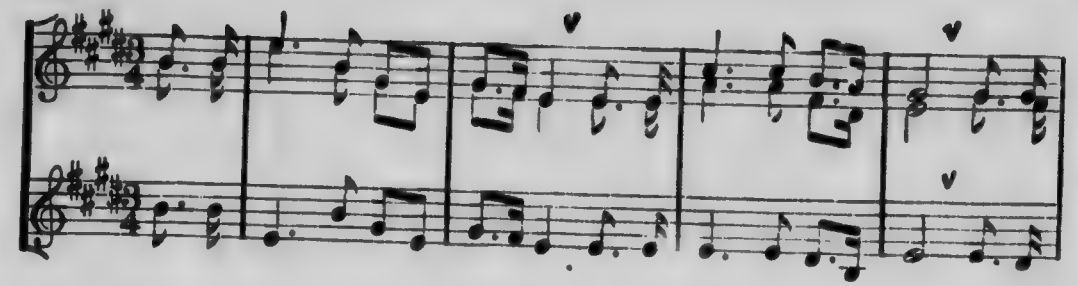

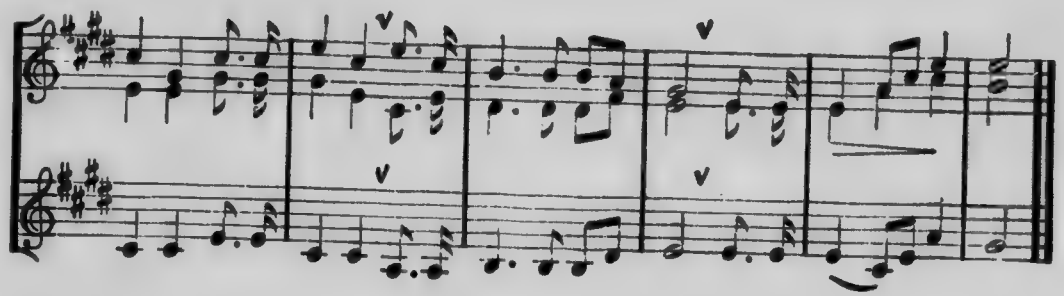

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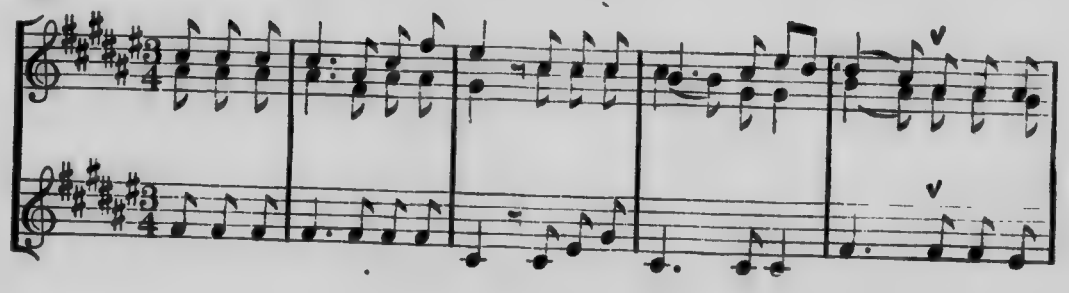

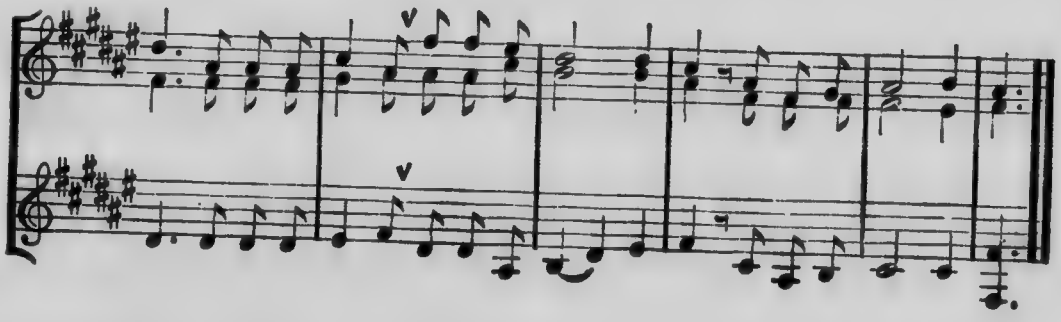

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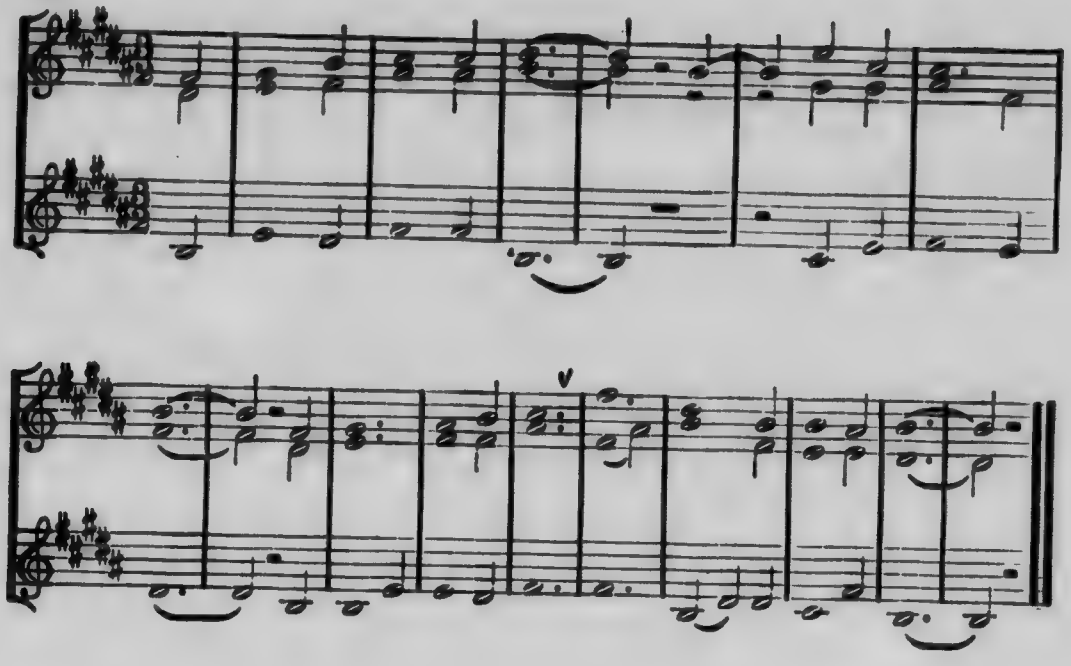

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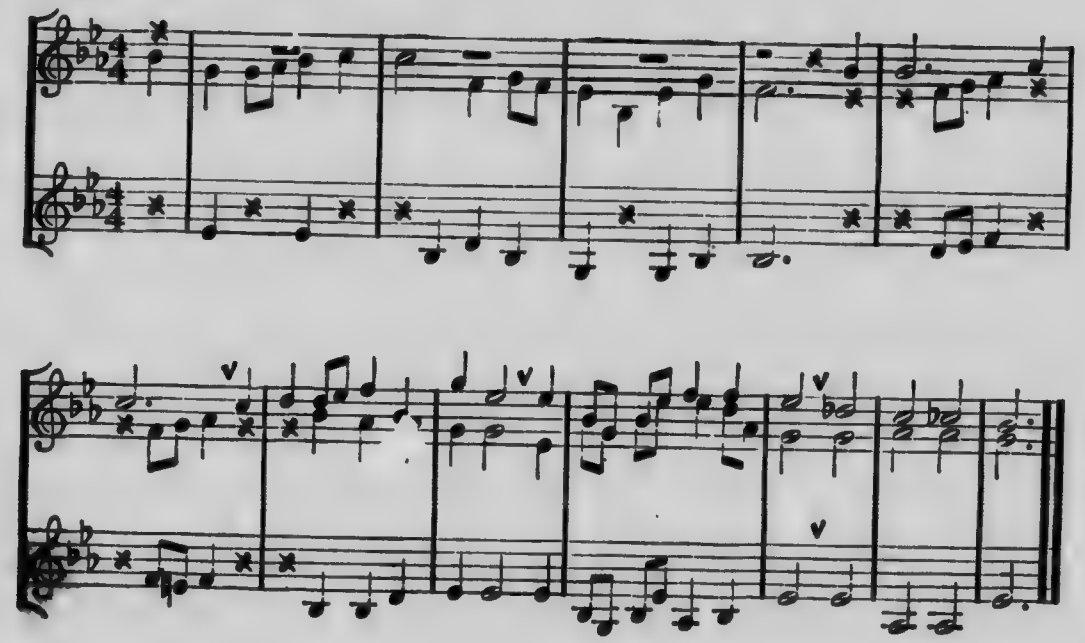

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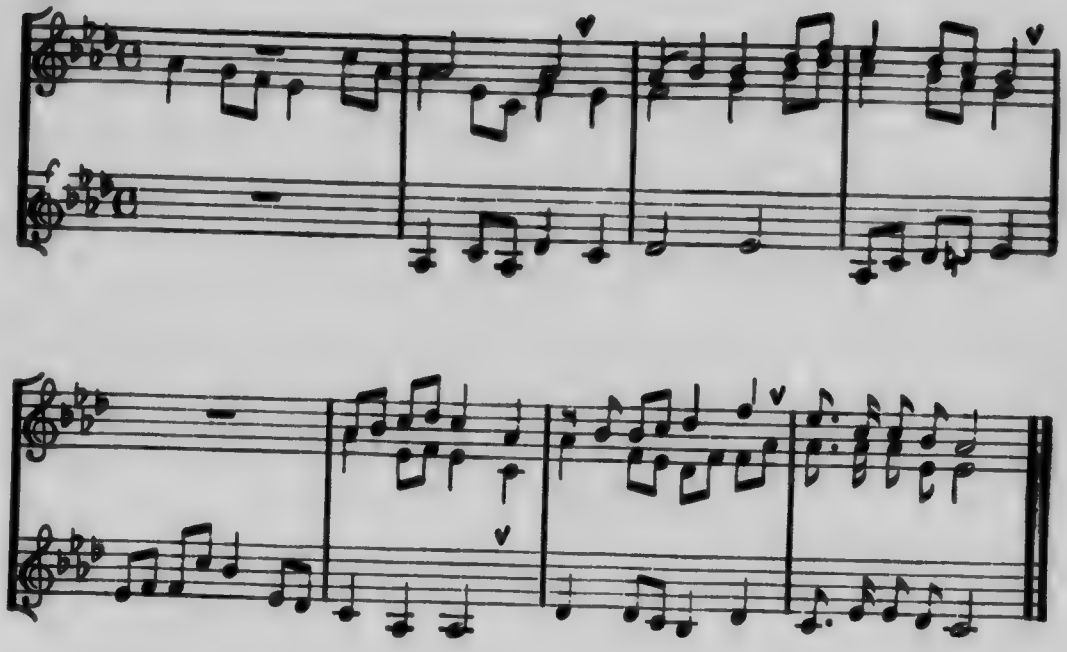

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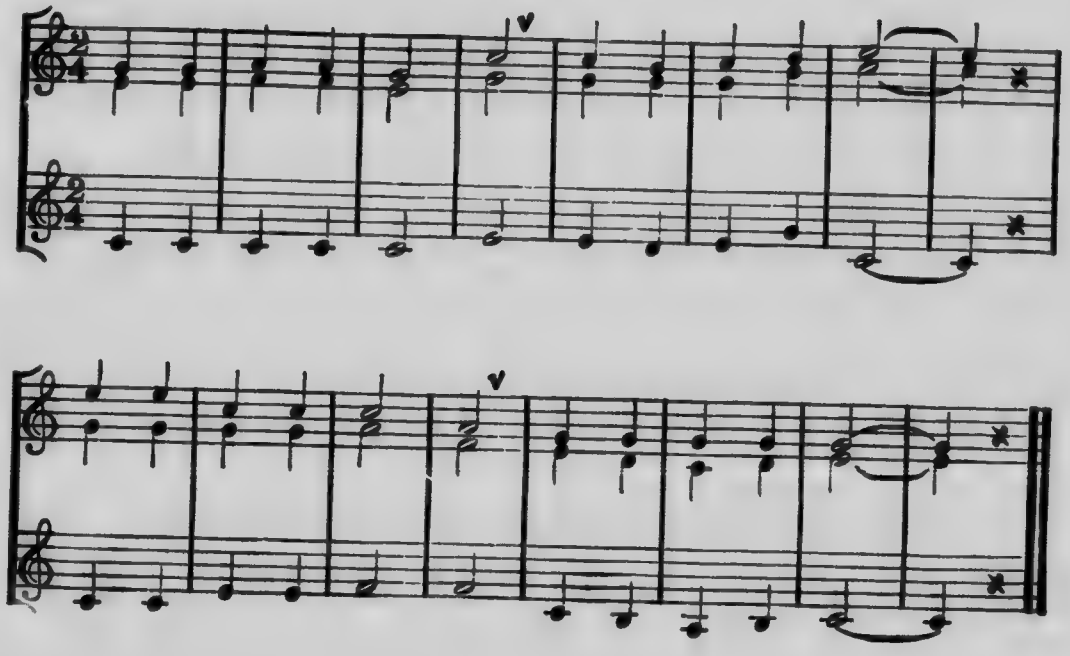

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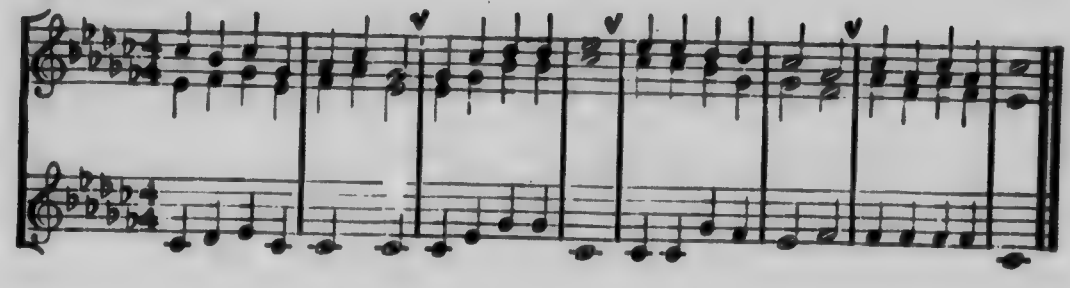

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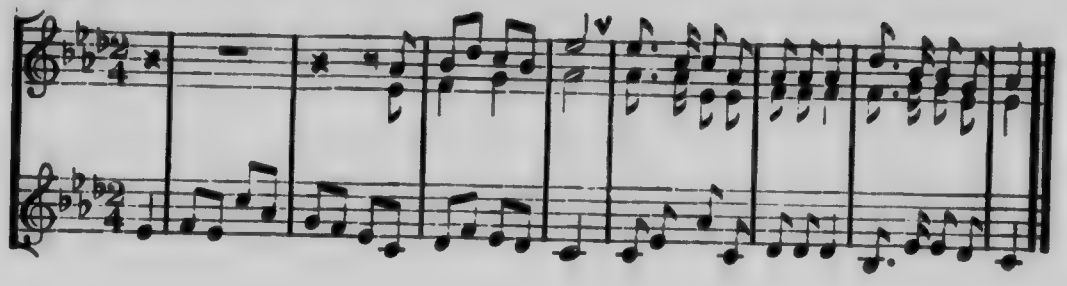

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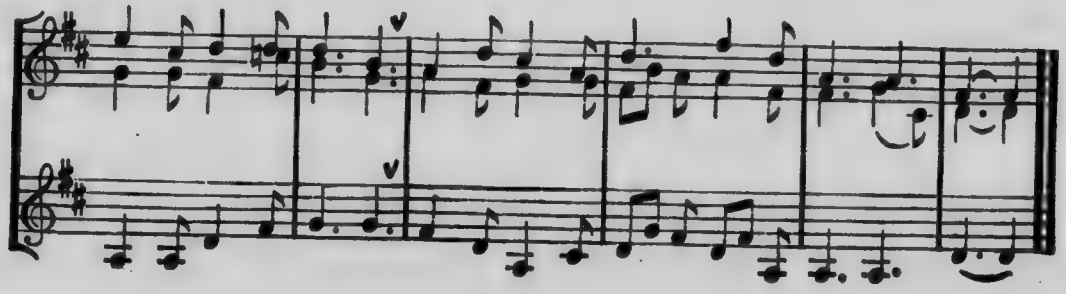

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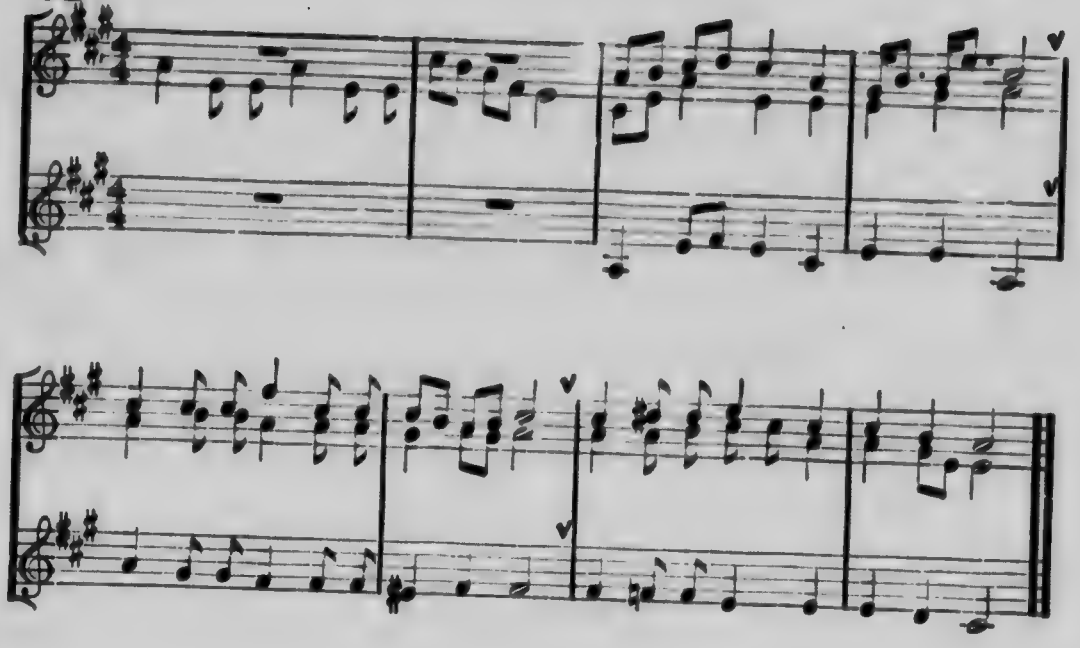

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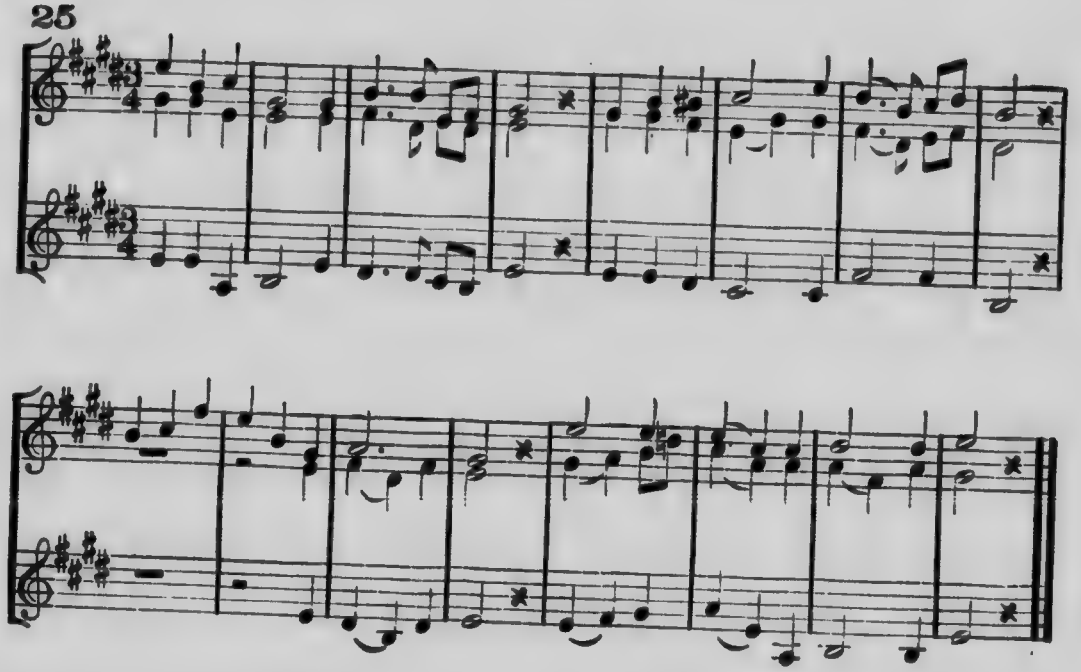

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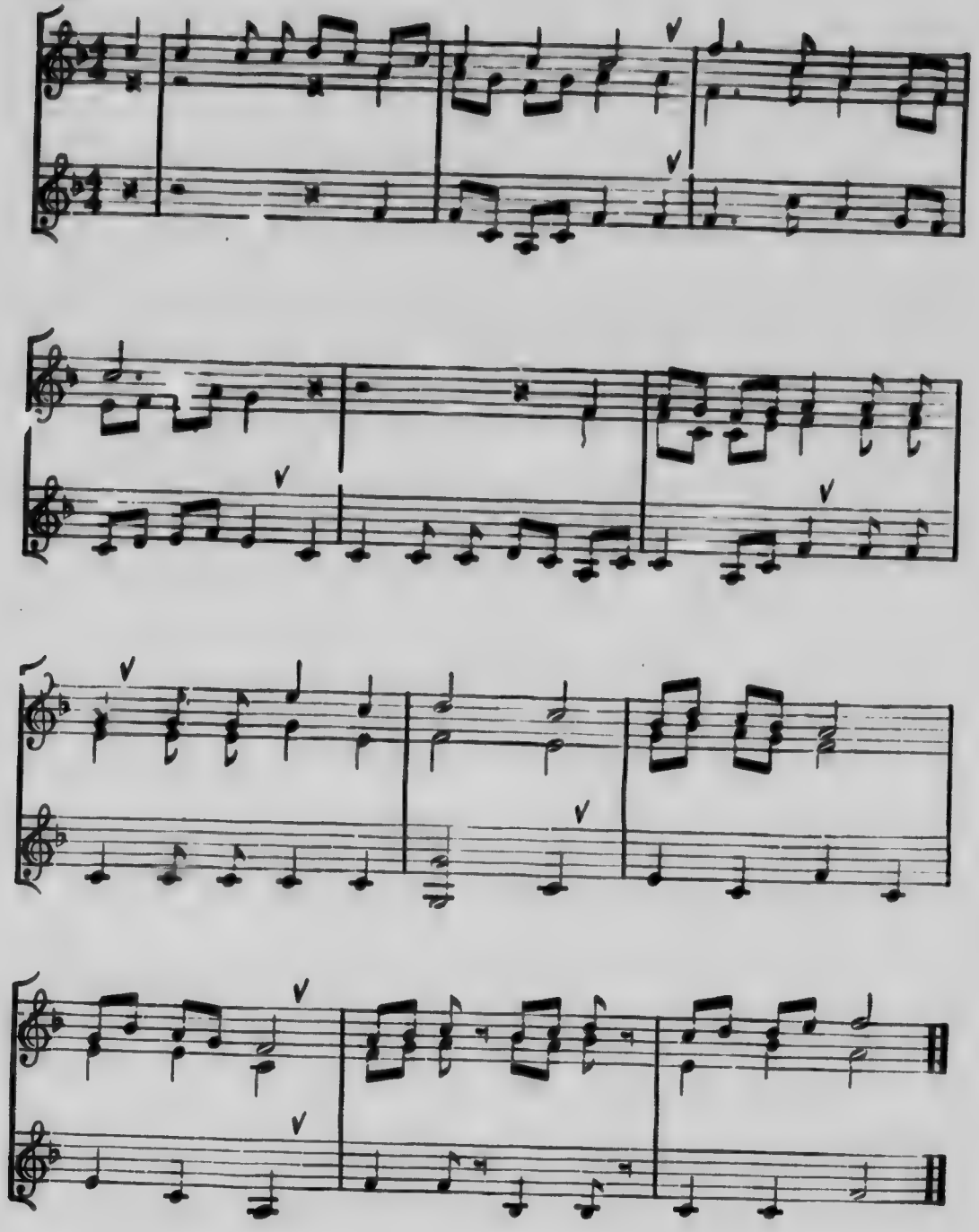

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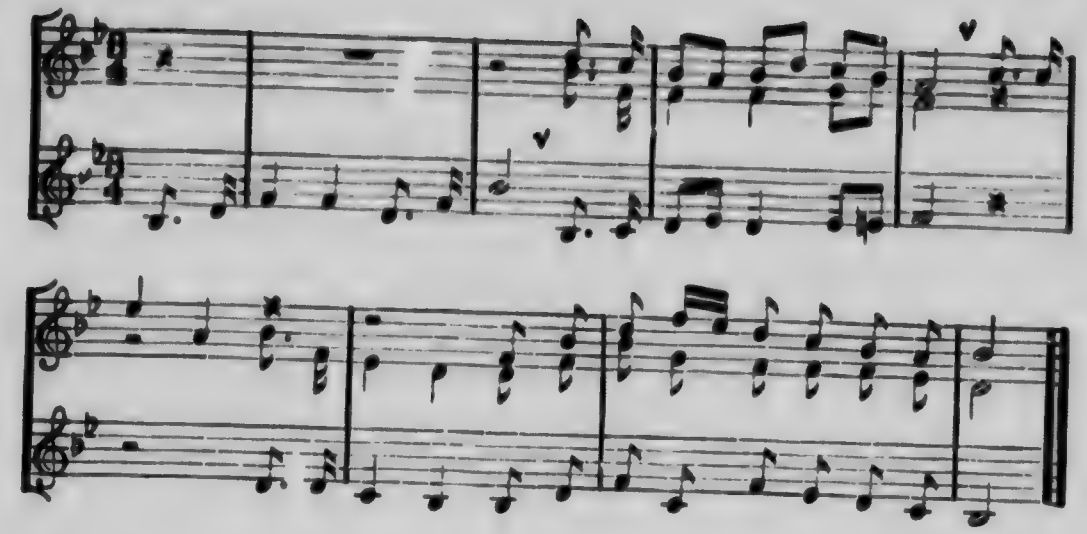

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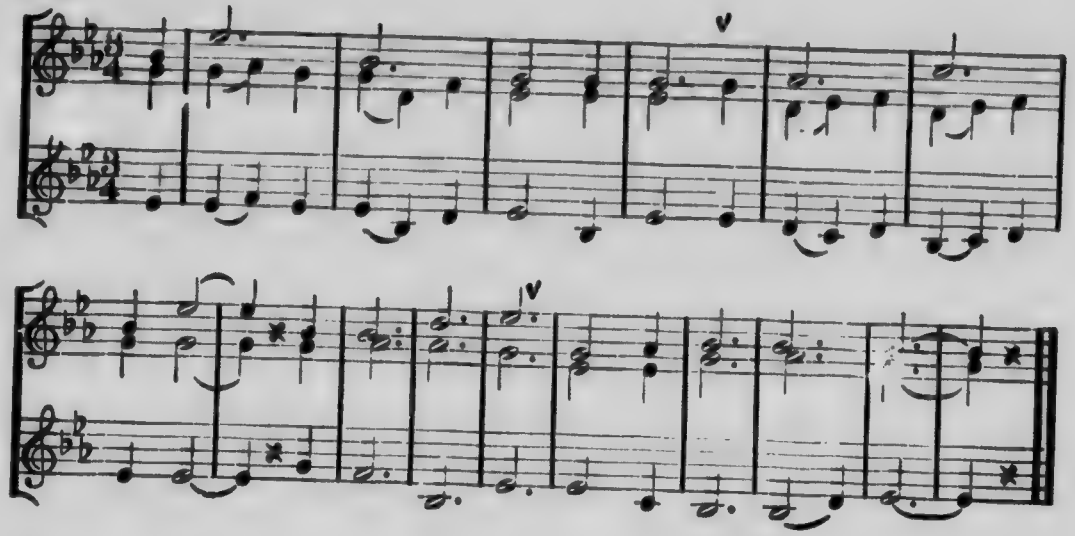

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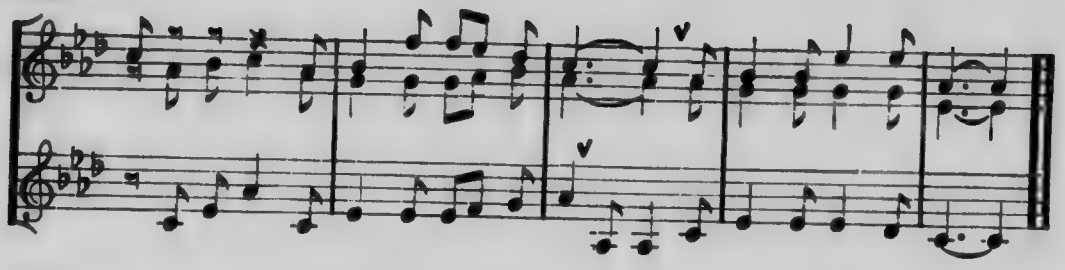

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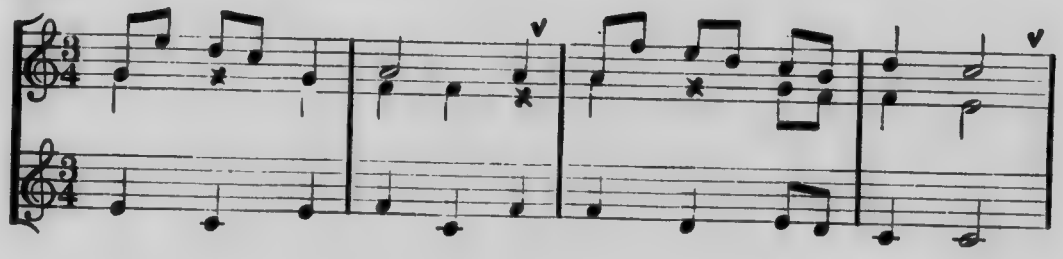

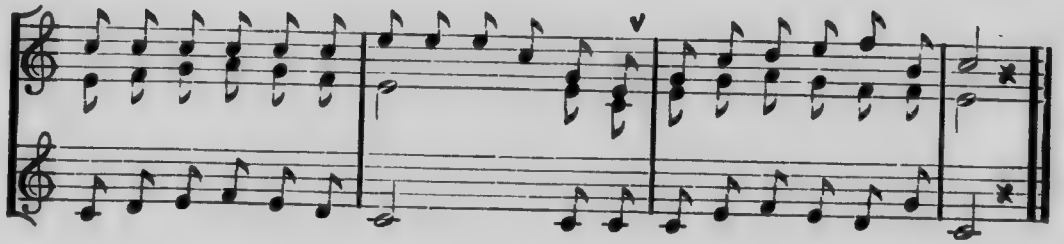

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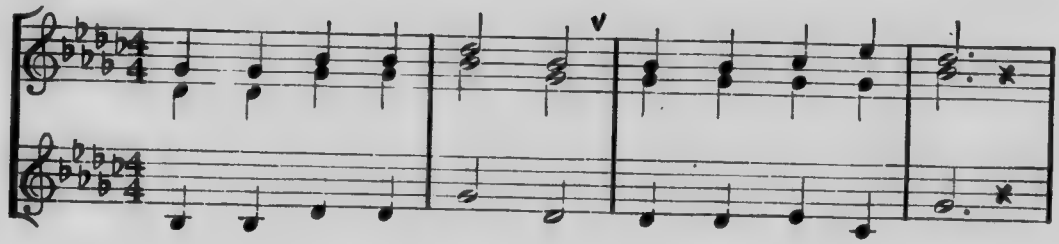

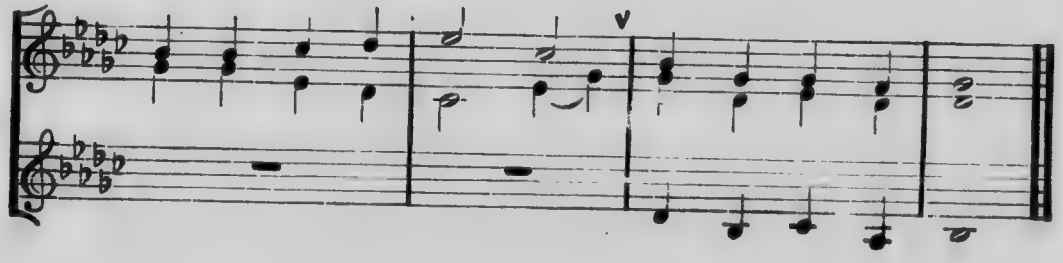

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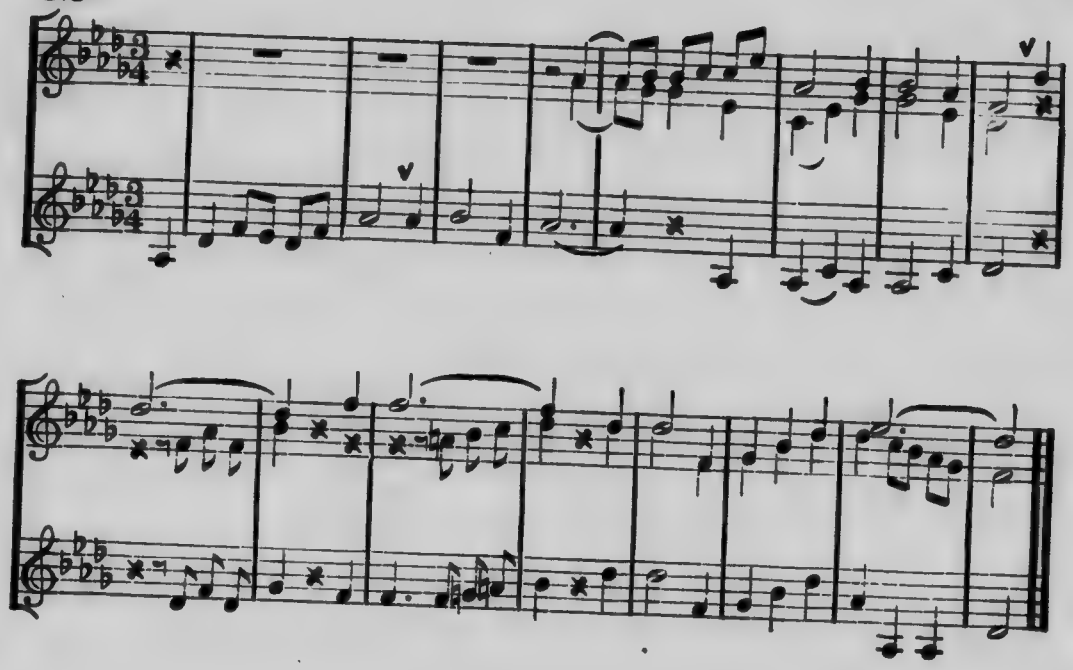

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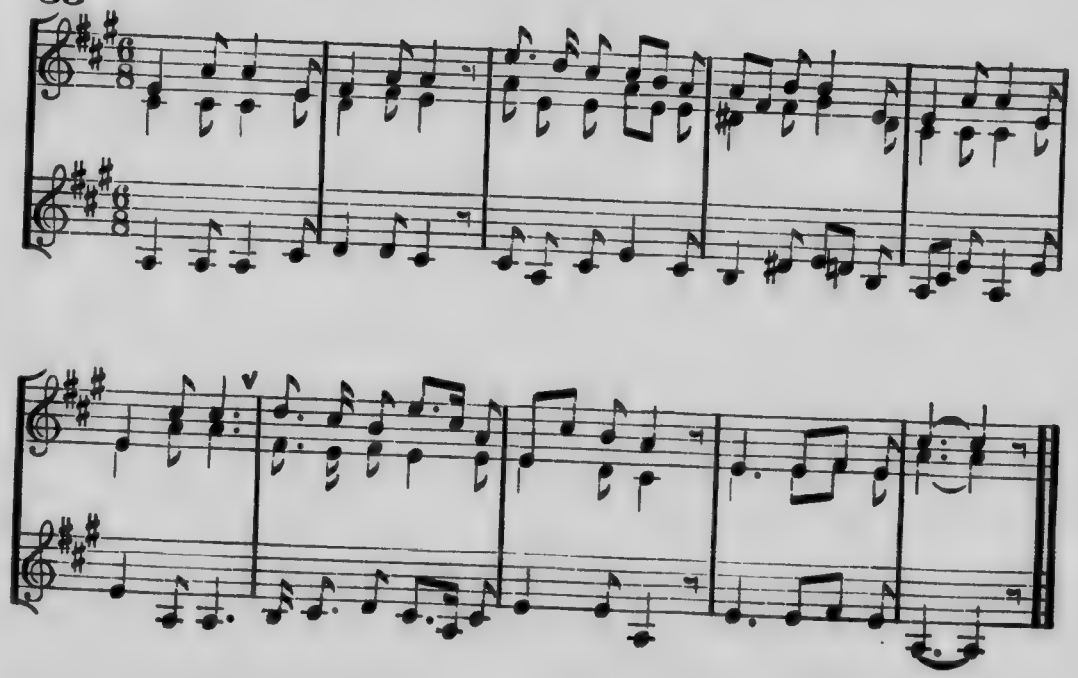

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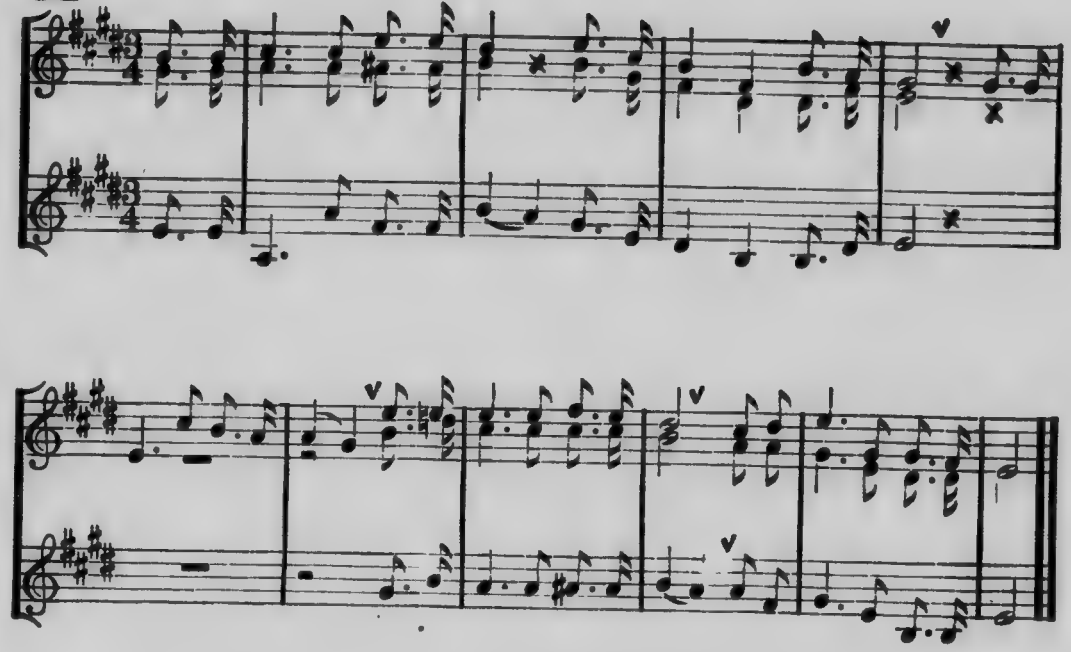

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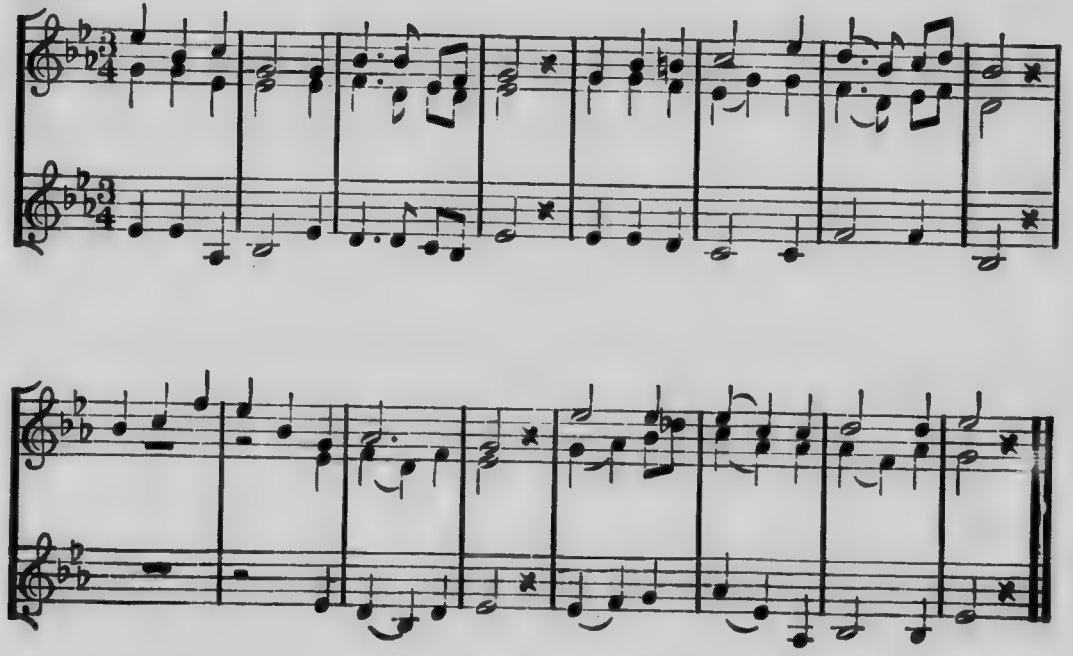

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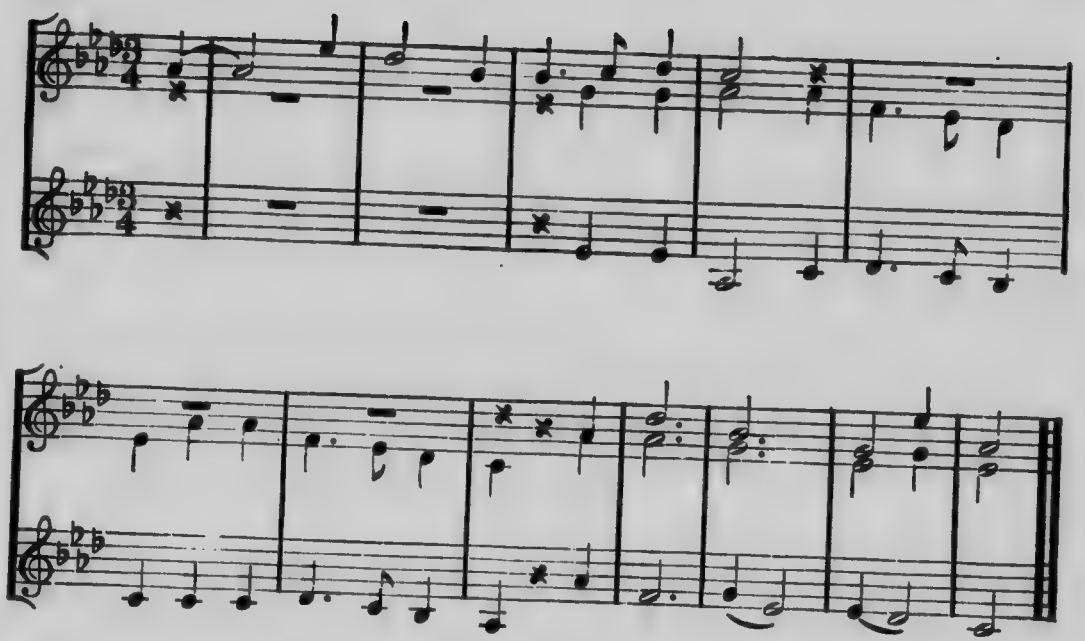

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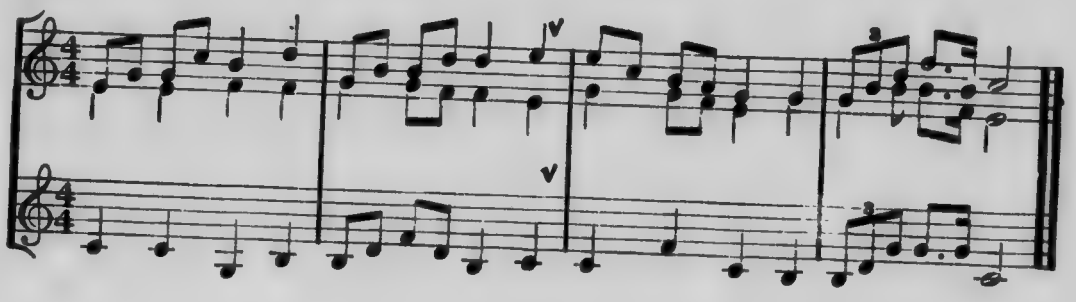

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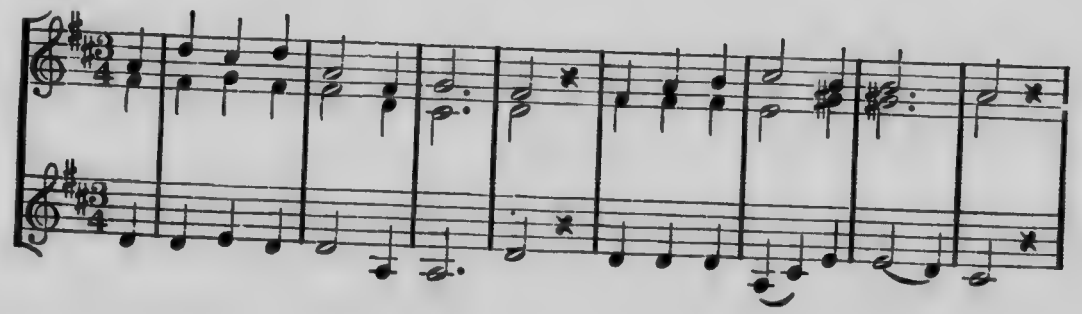

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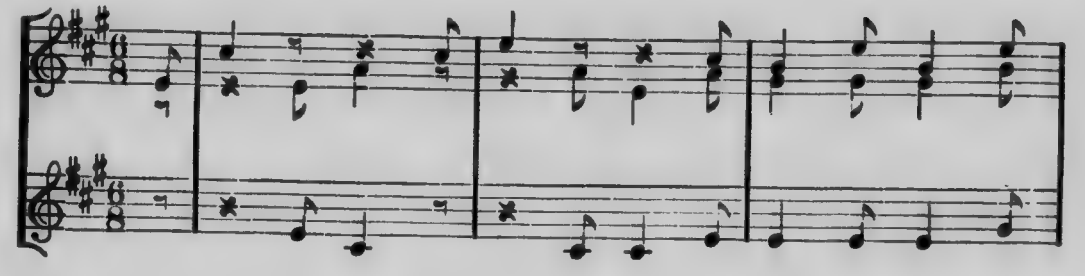

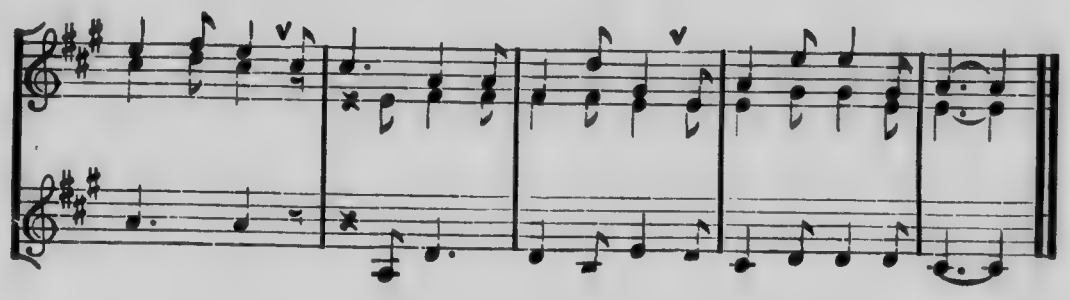

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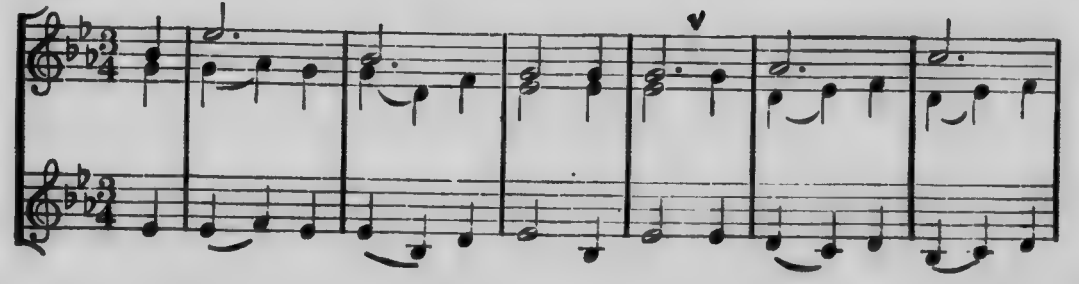

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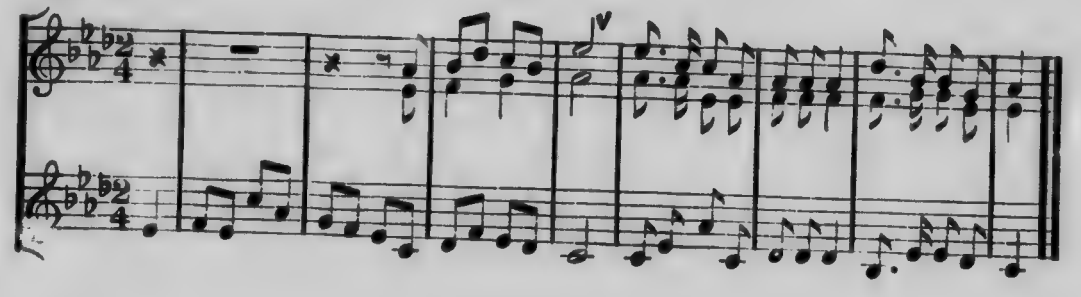

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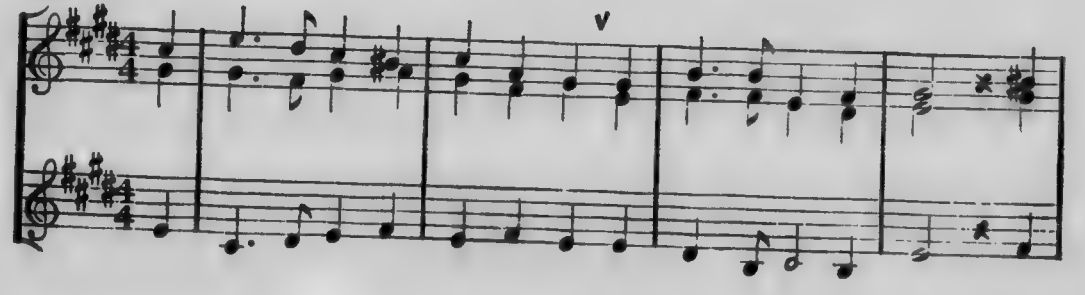

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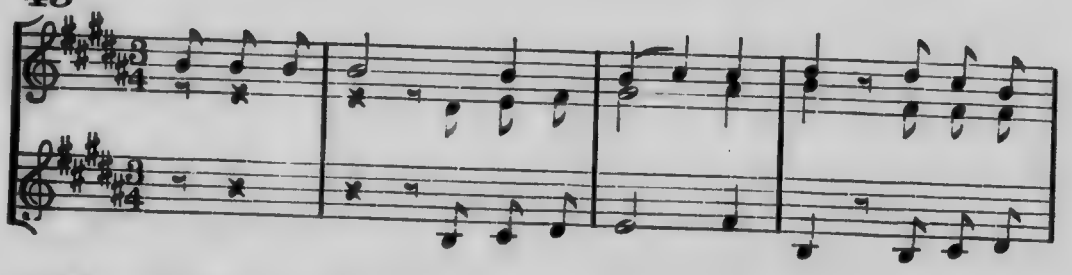

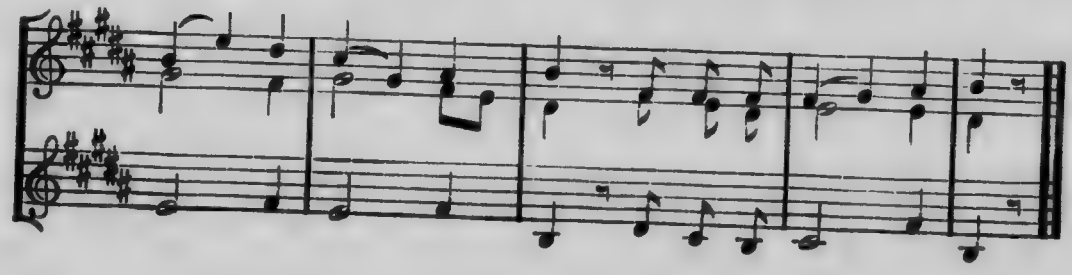

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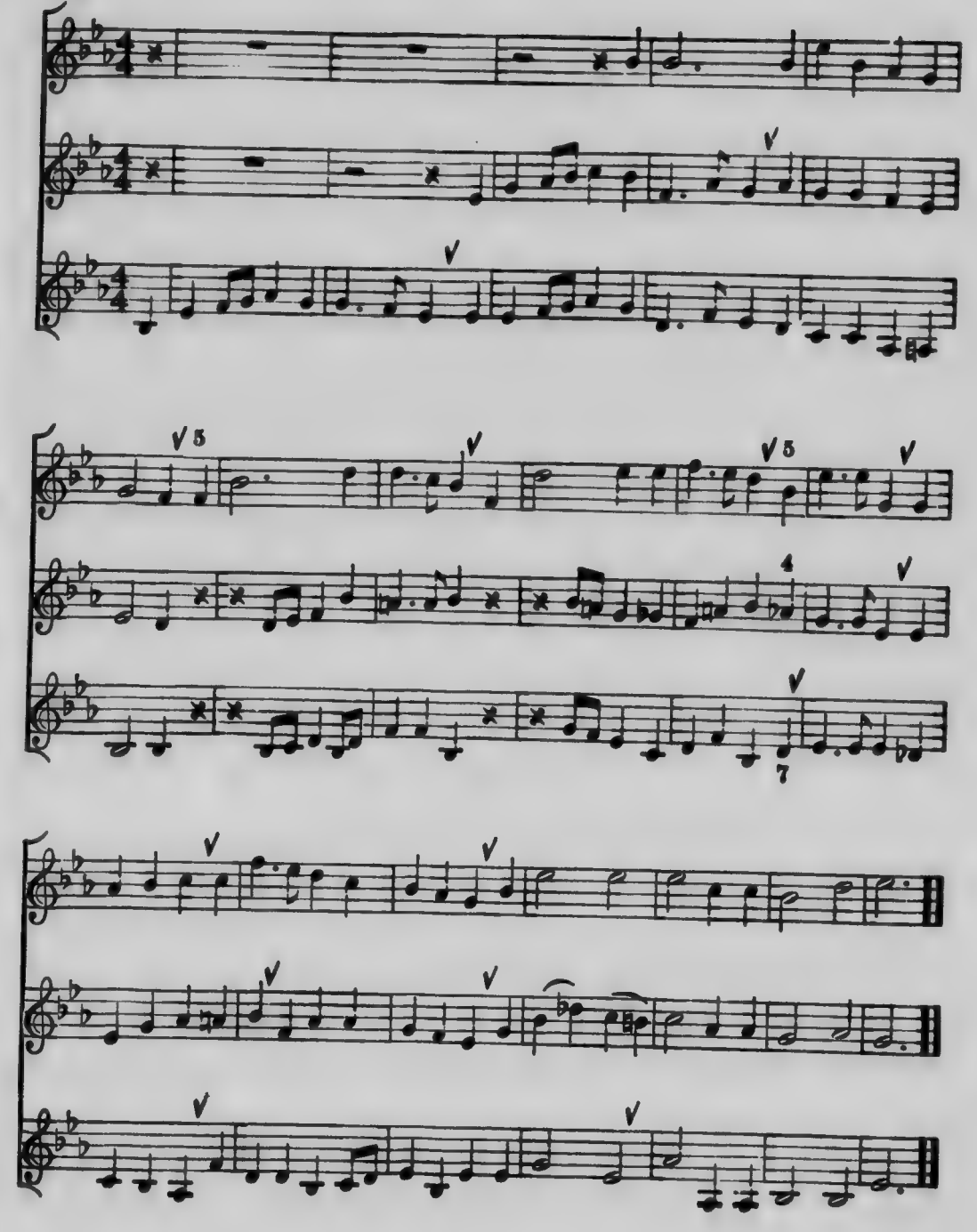

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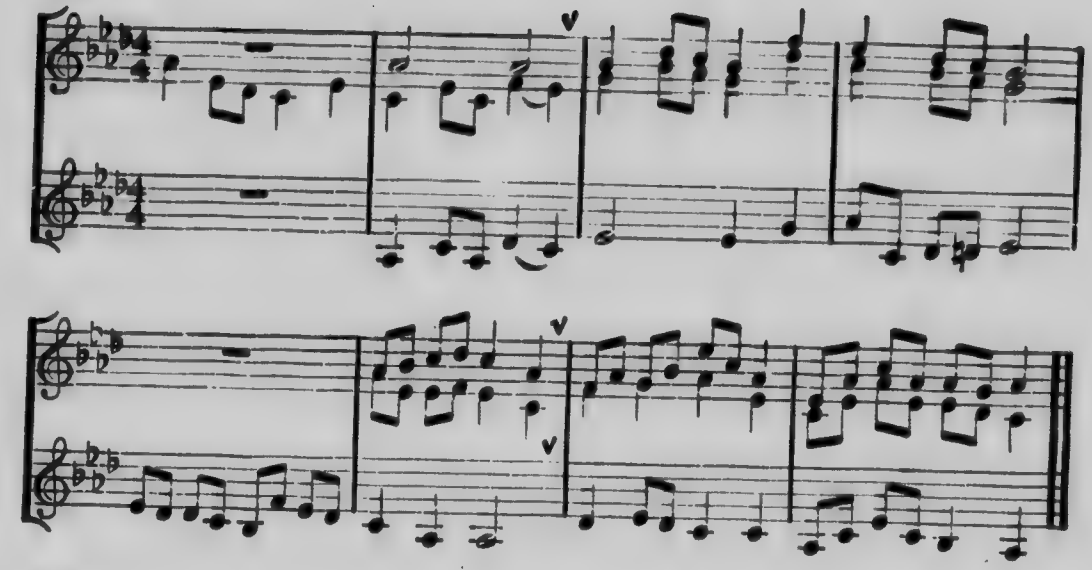

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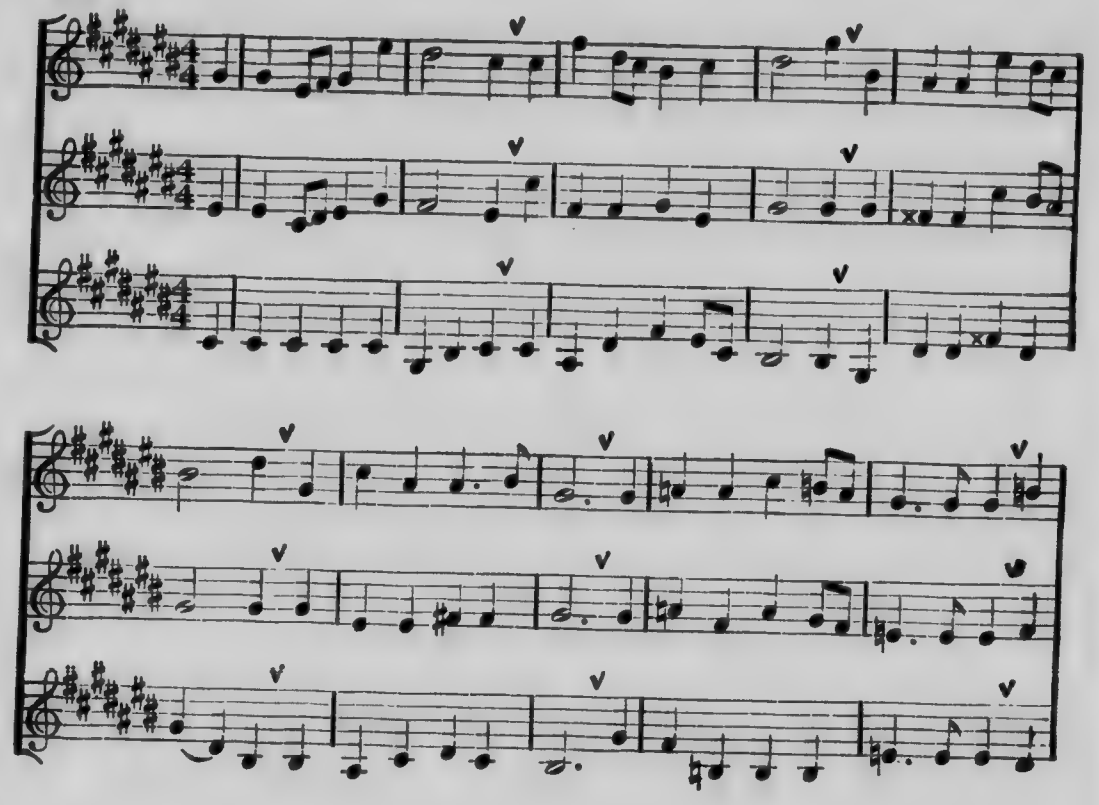

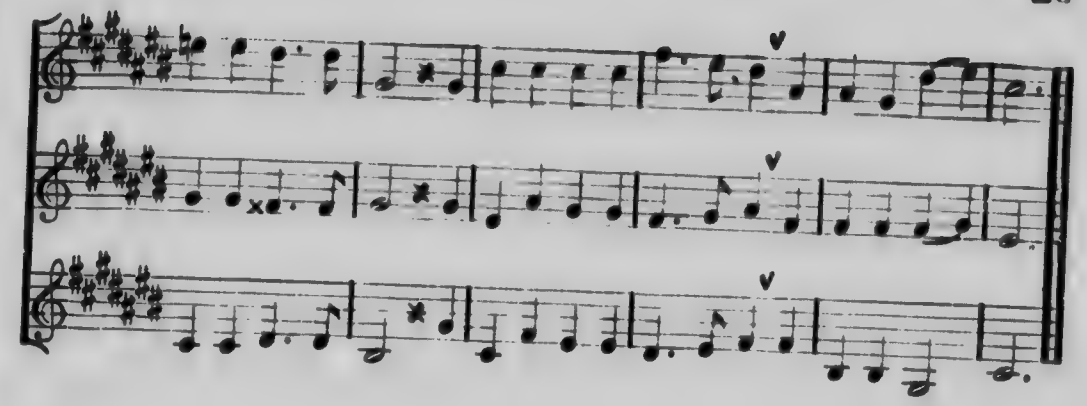

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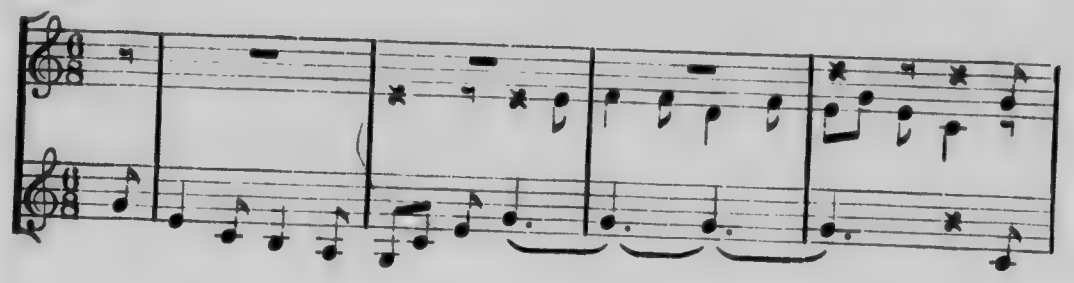

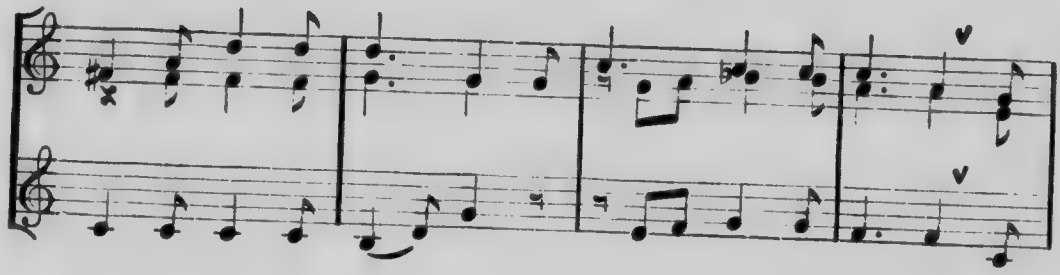

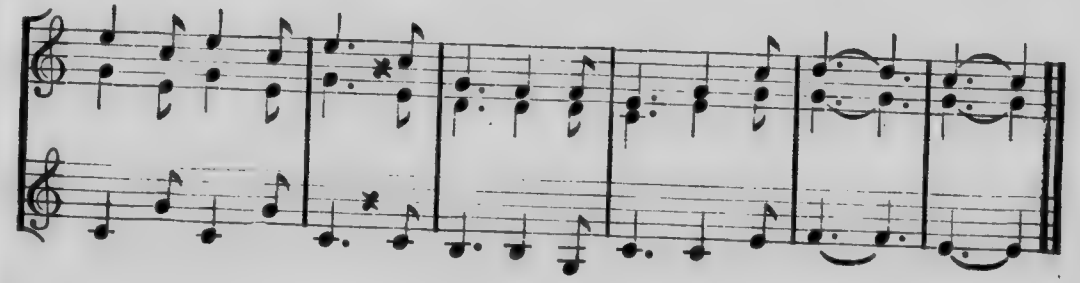

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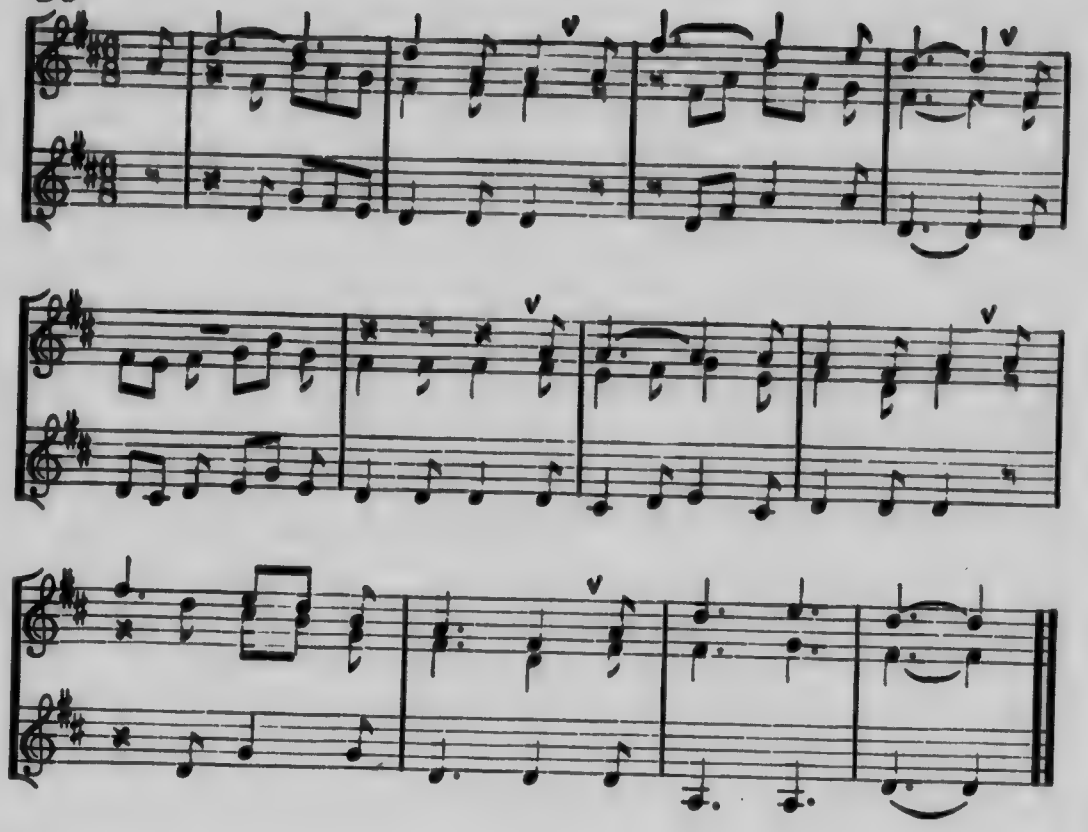

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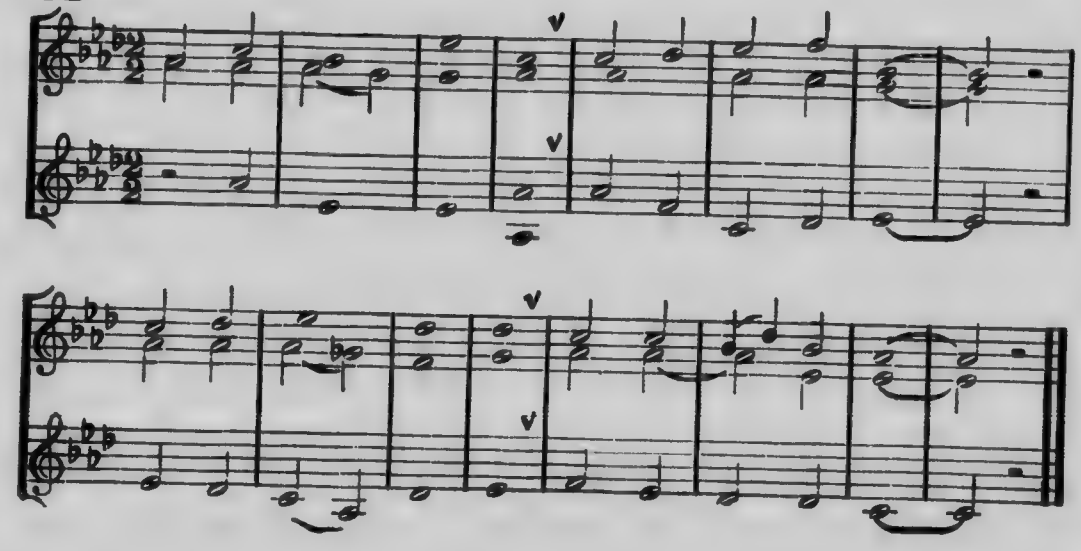

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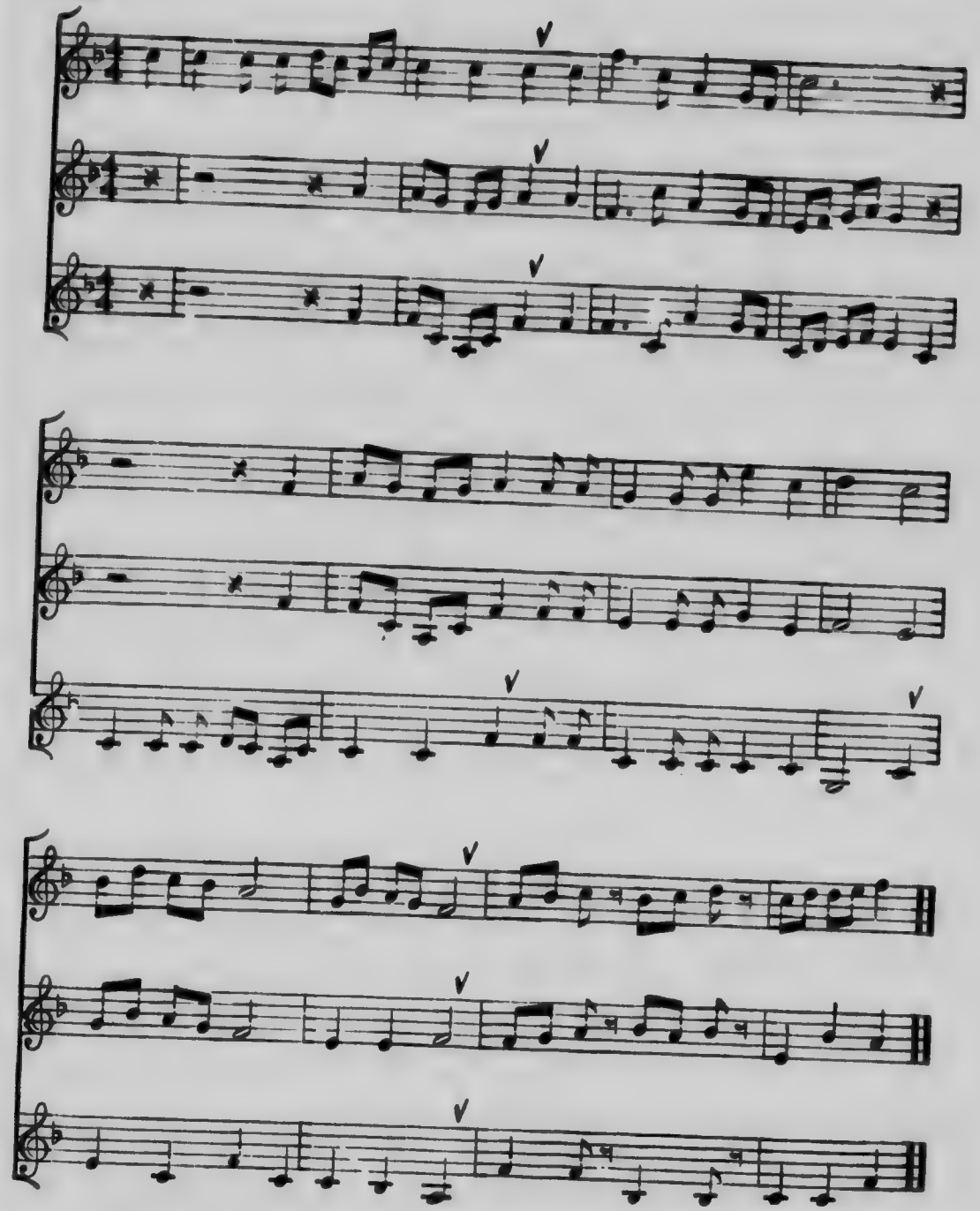

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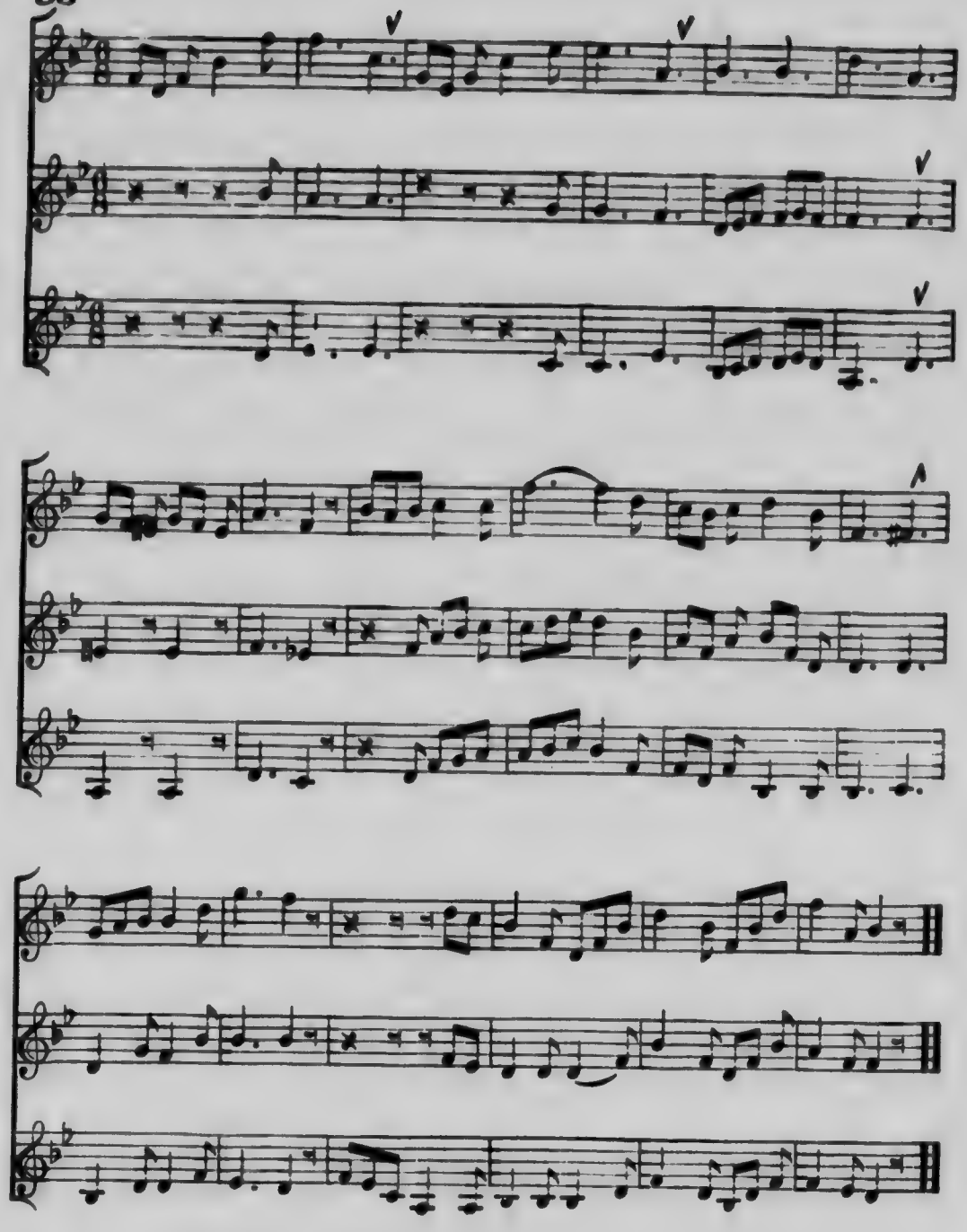

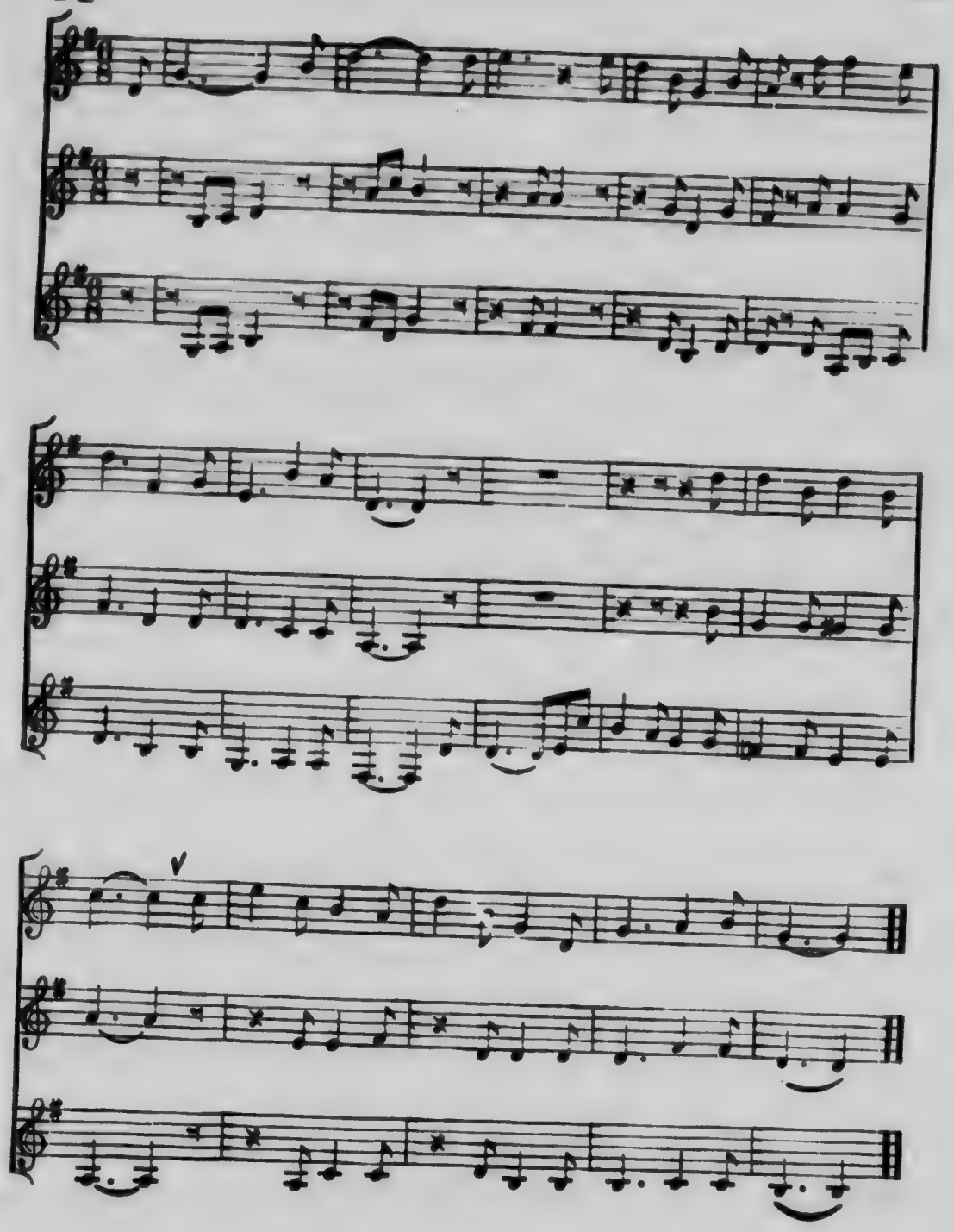

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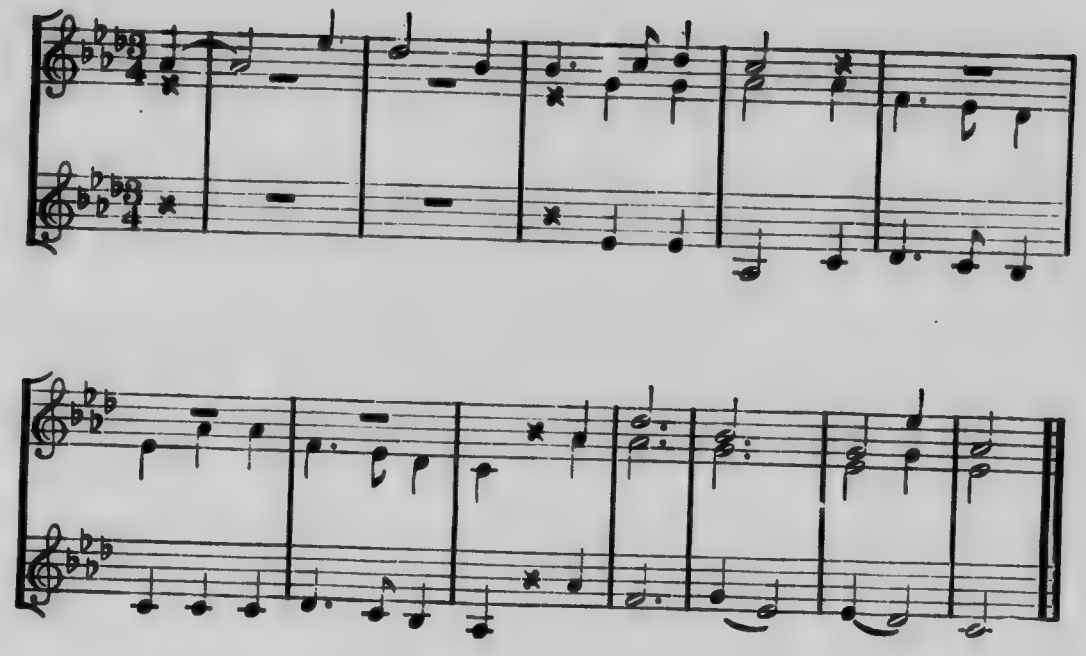

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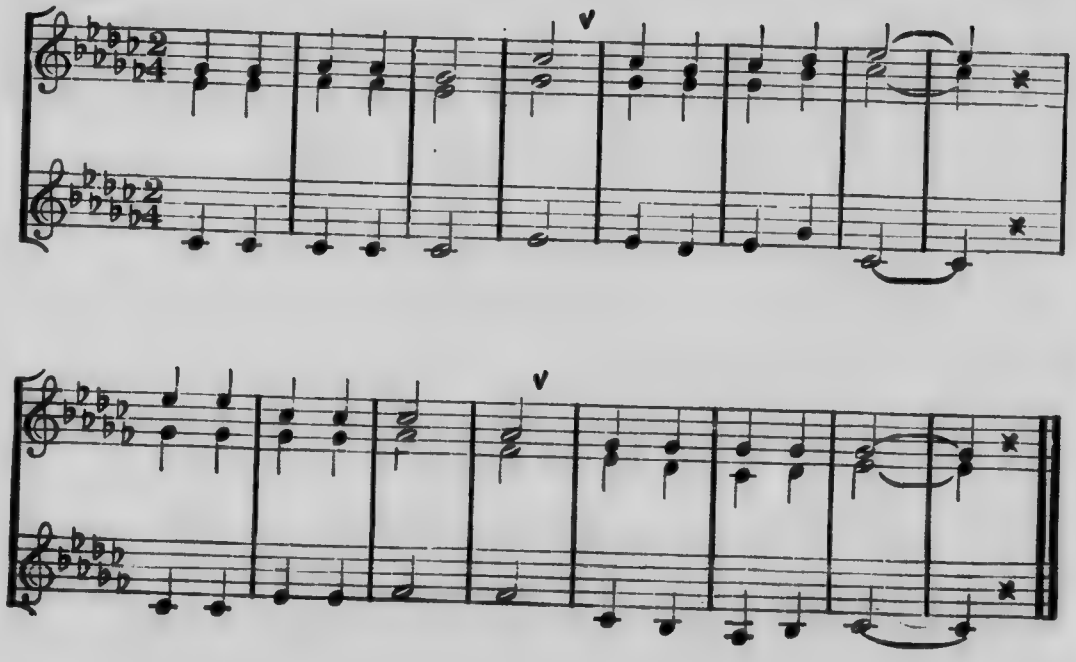

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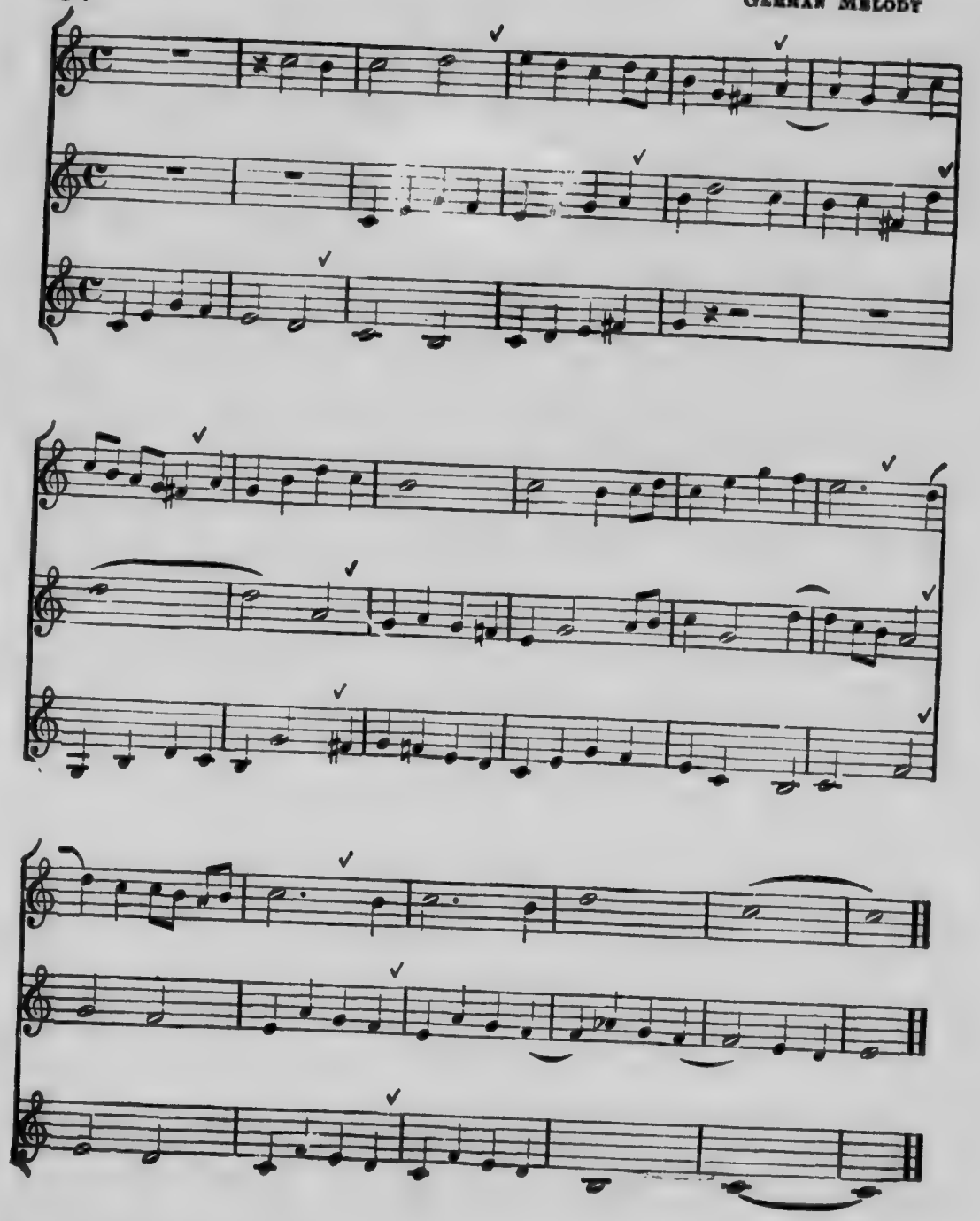
GERMAN MELODY



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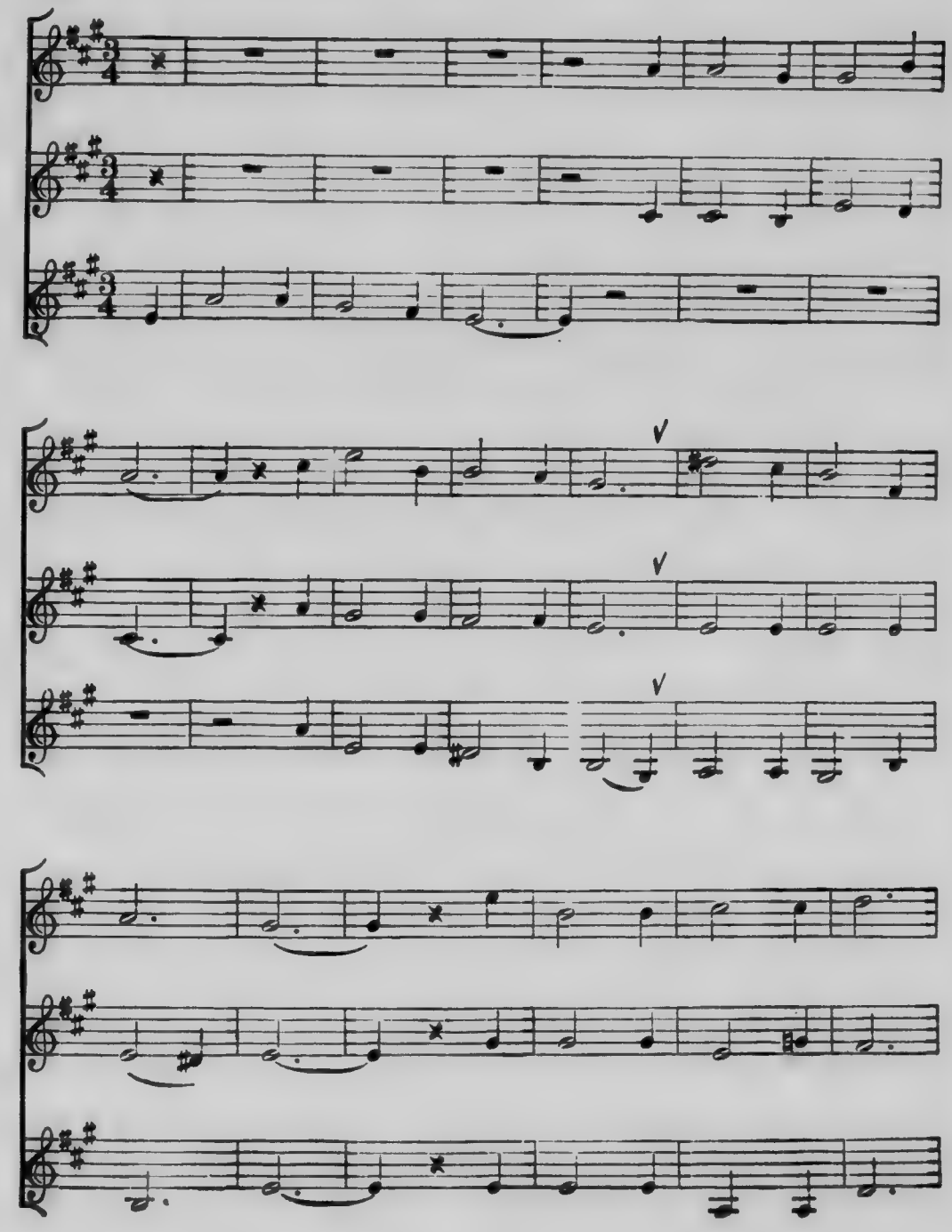

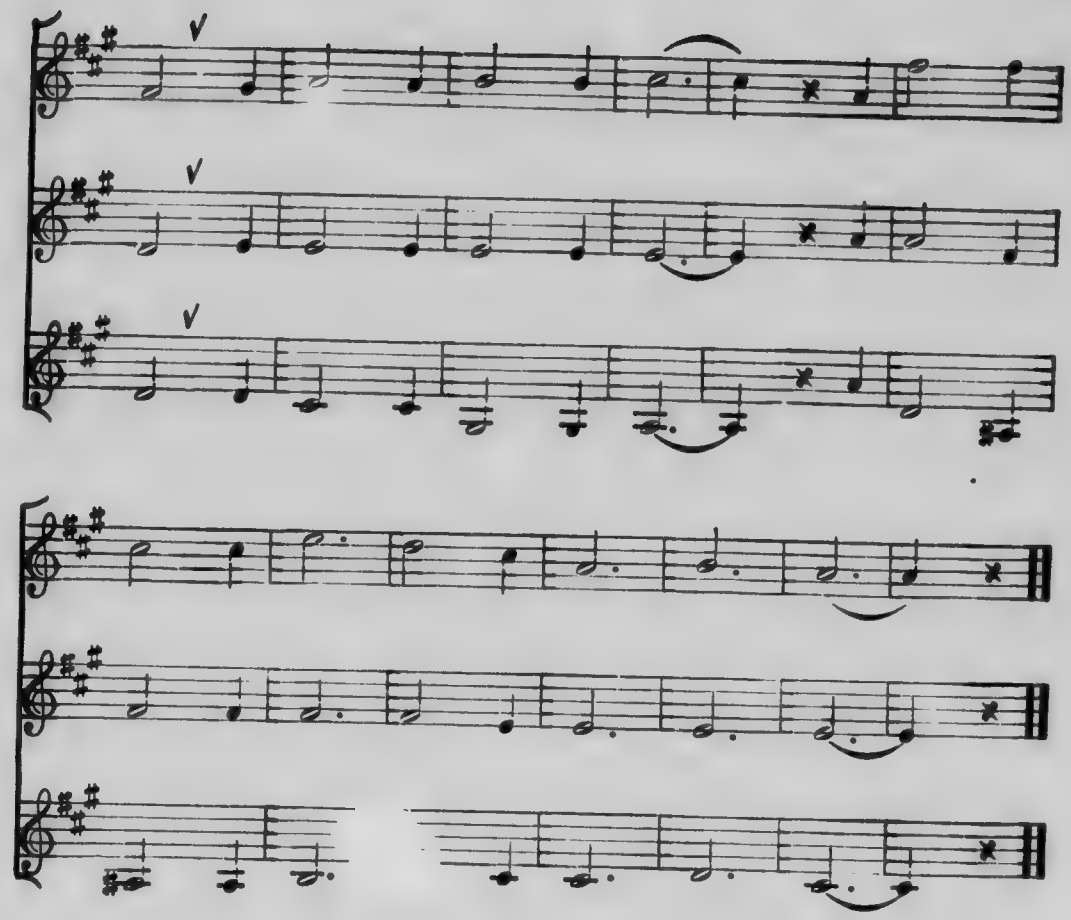

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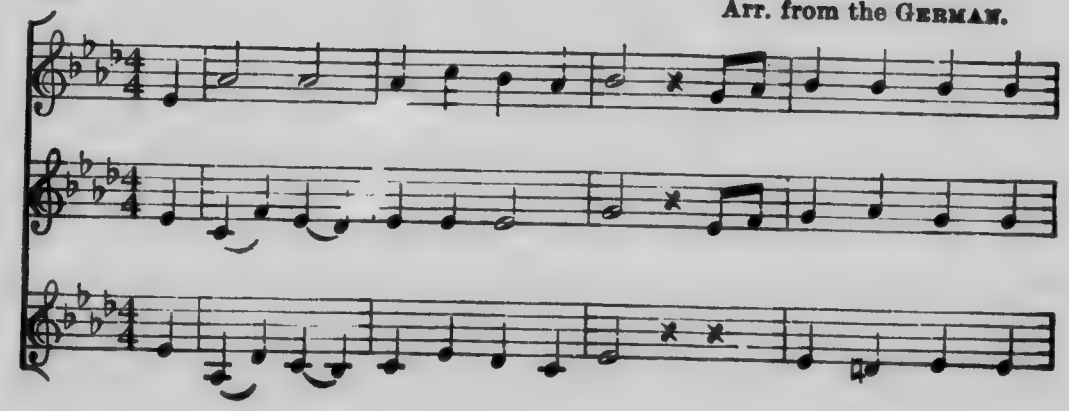
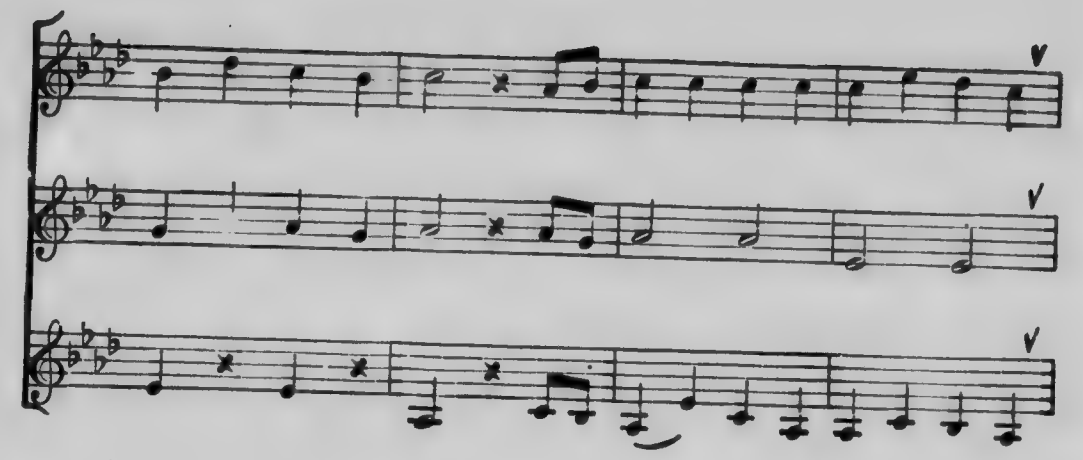
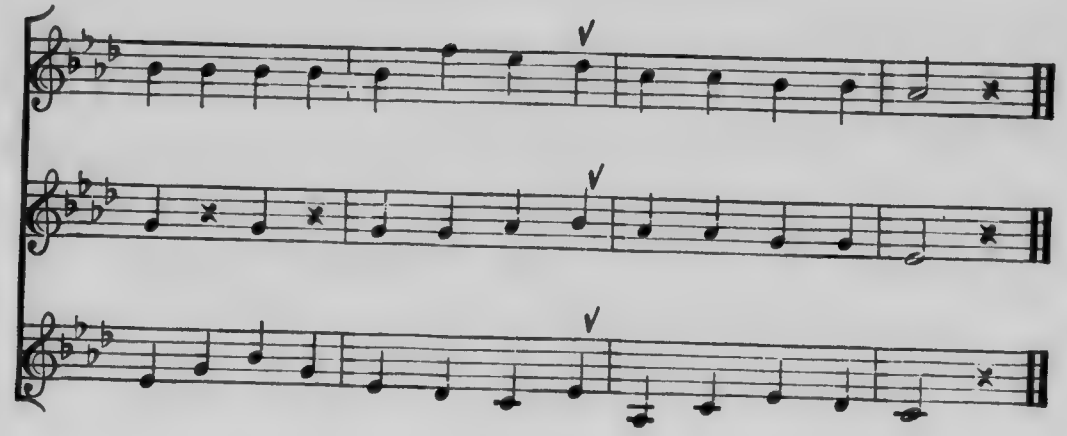
Arr. from the GERMAN.







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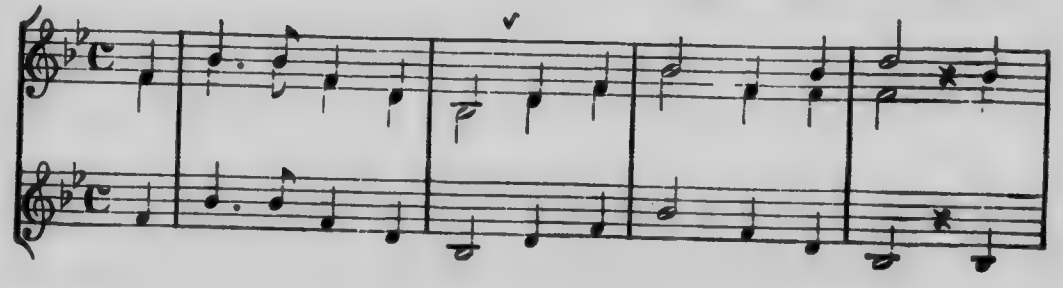
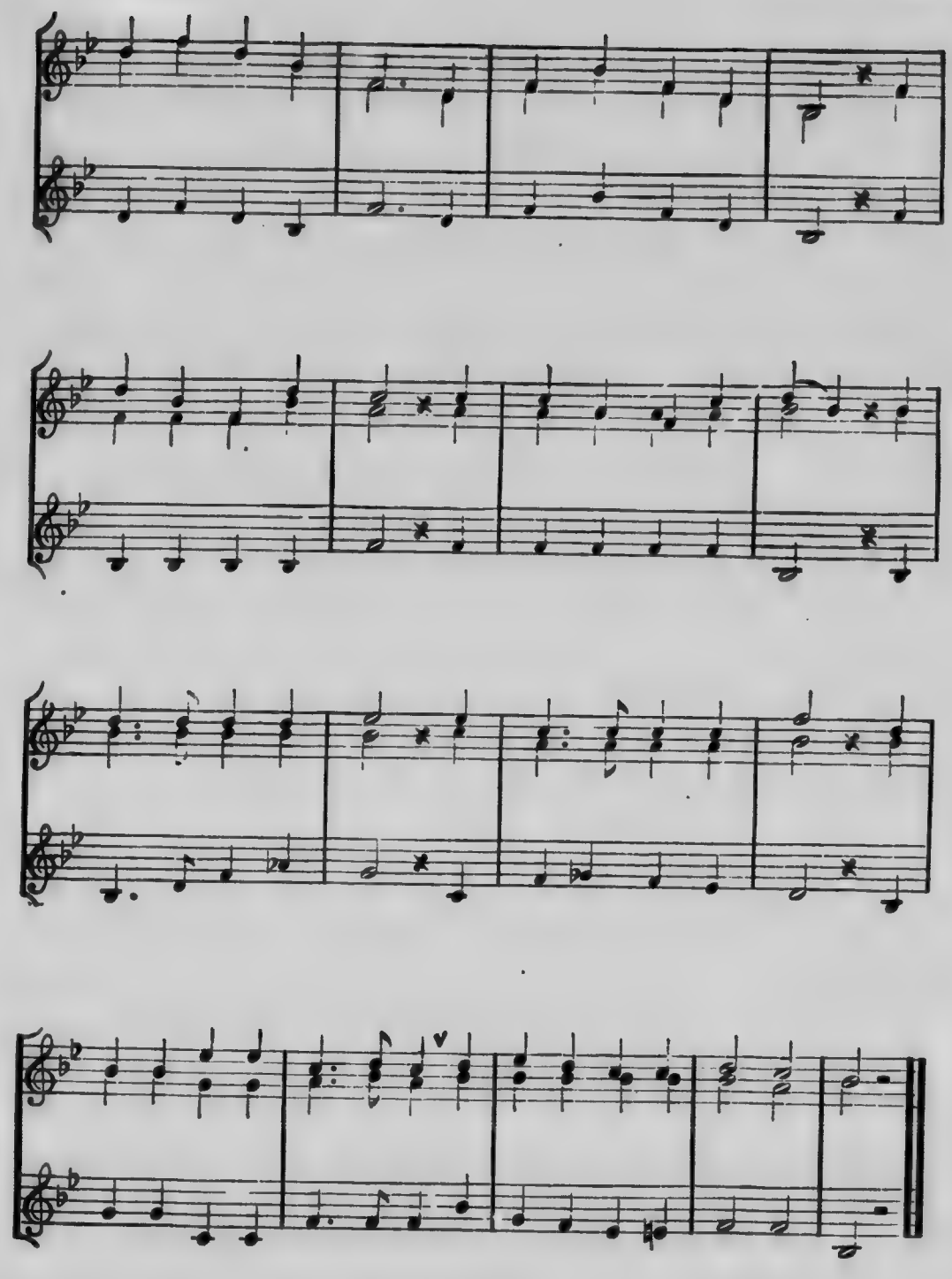
GUILLAUME LOUIS WILHELM





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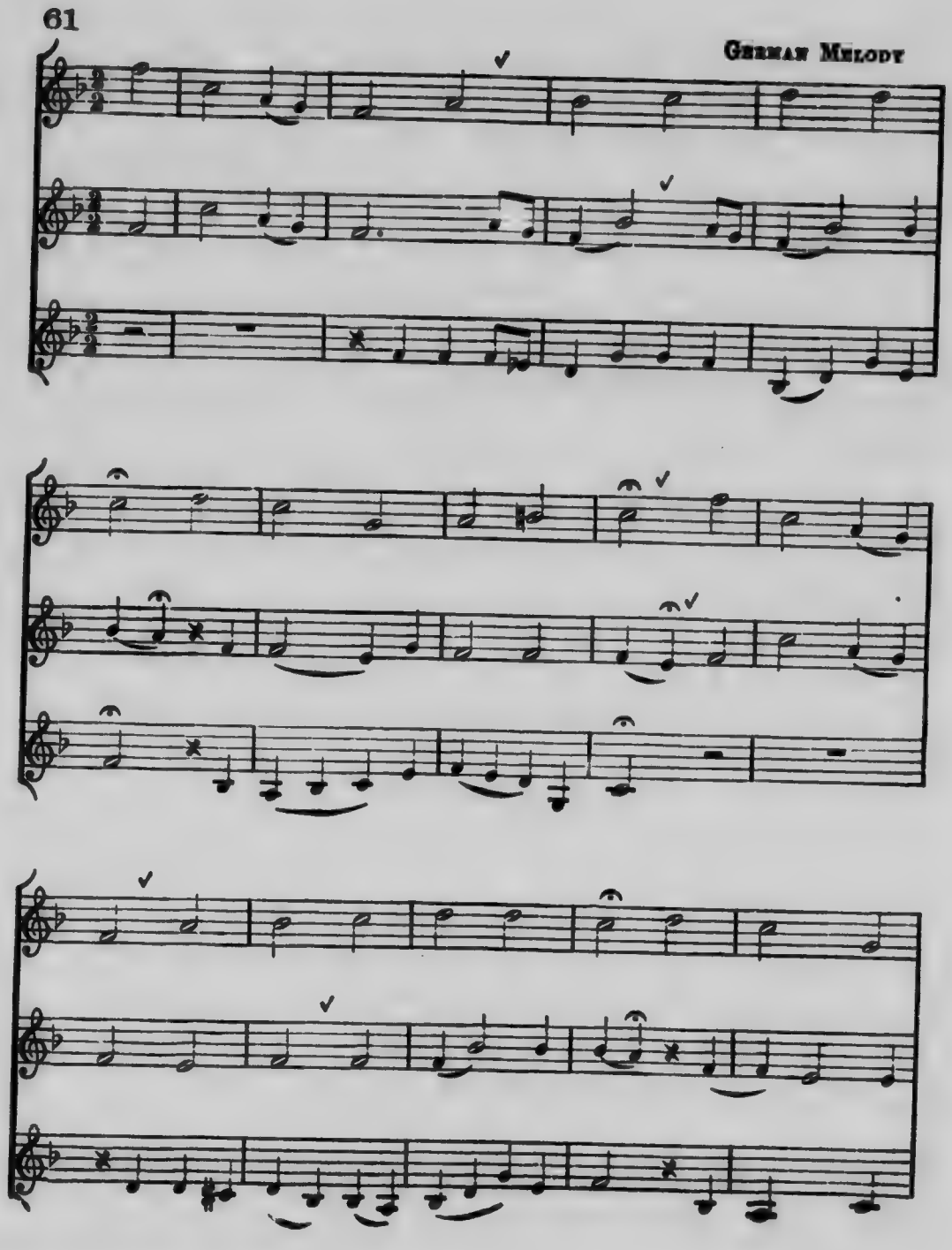

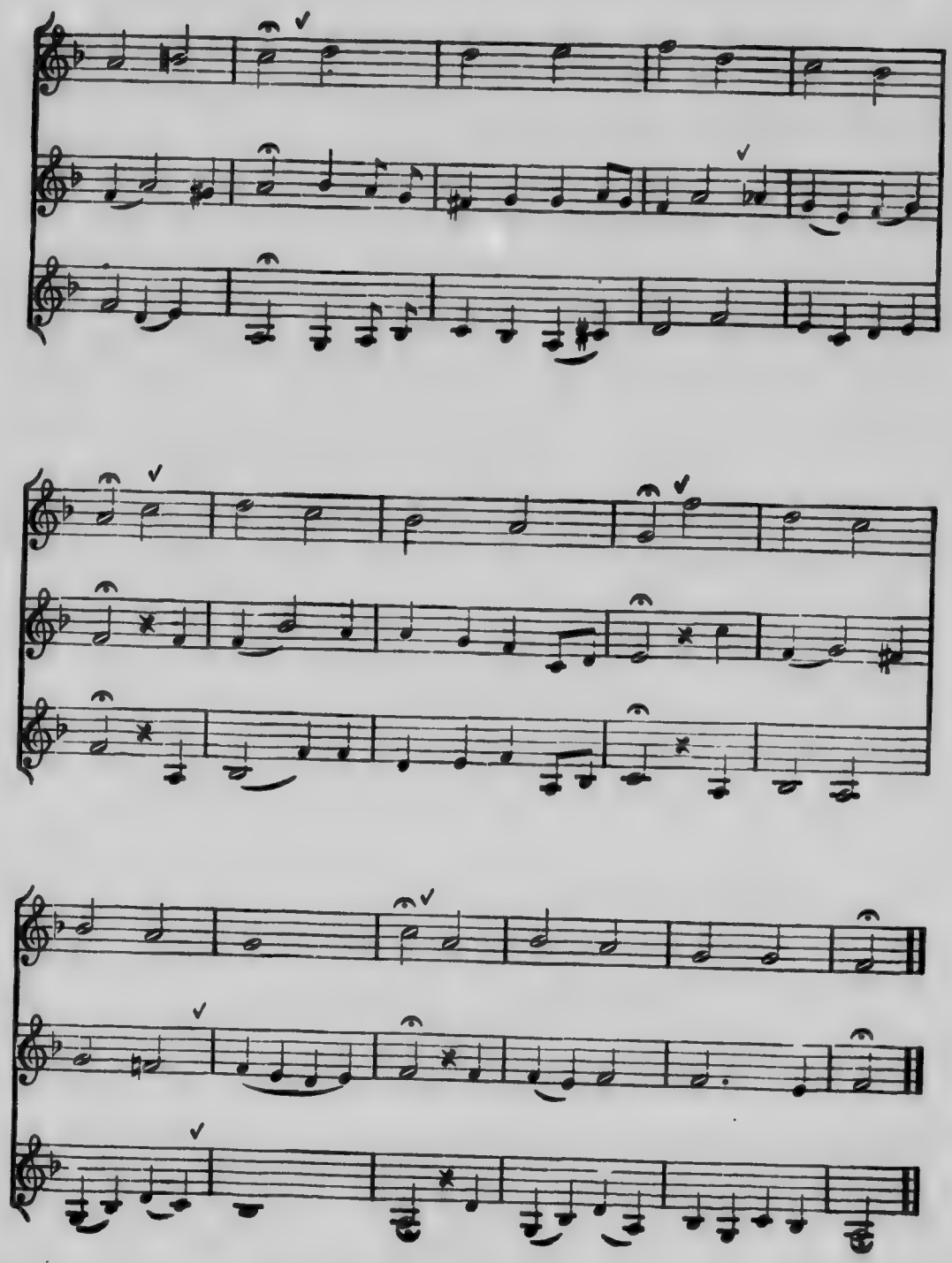

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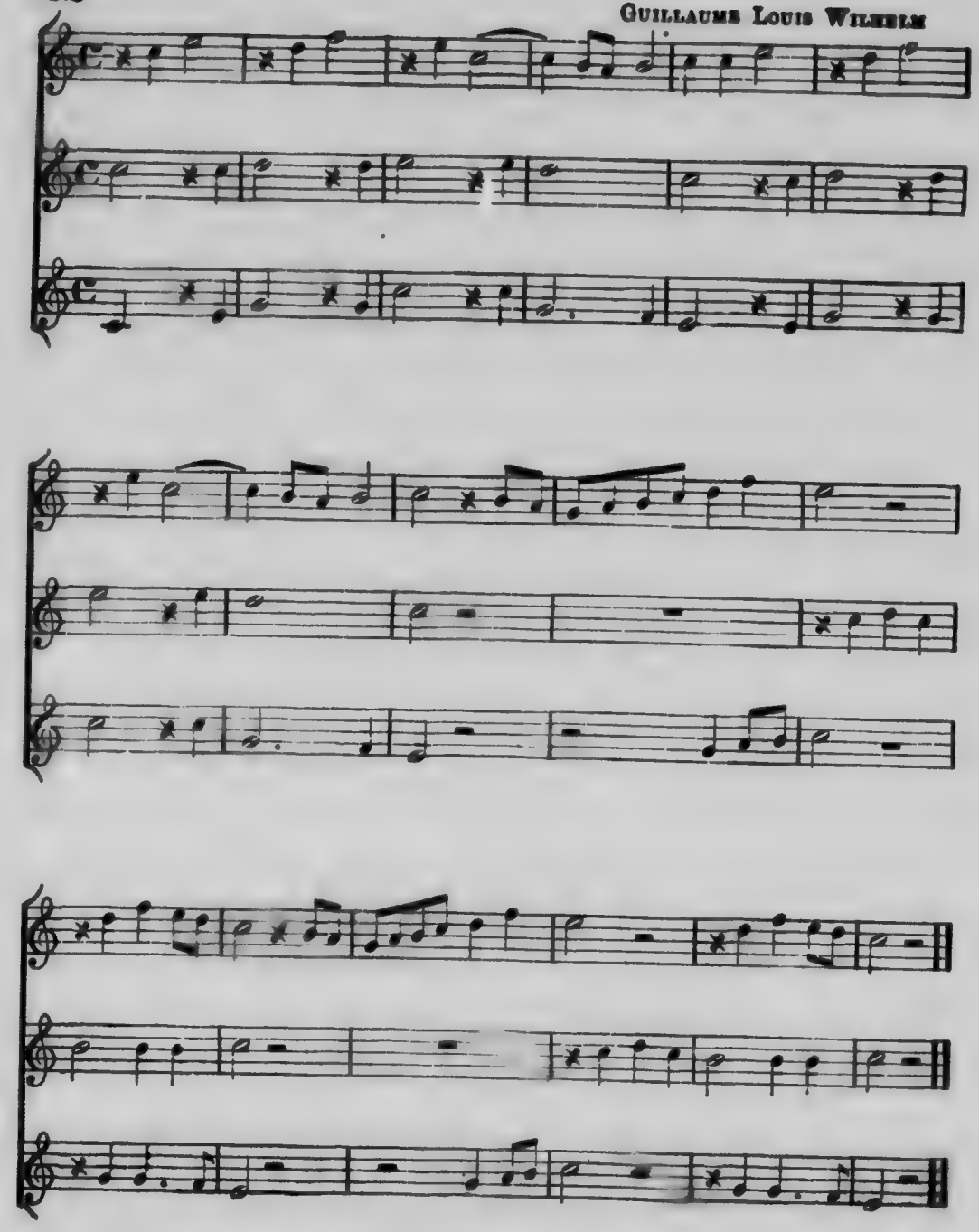

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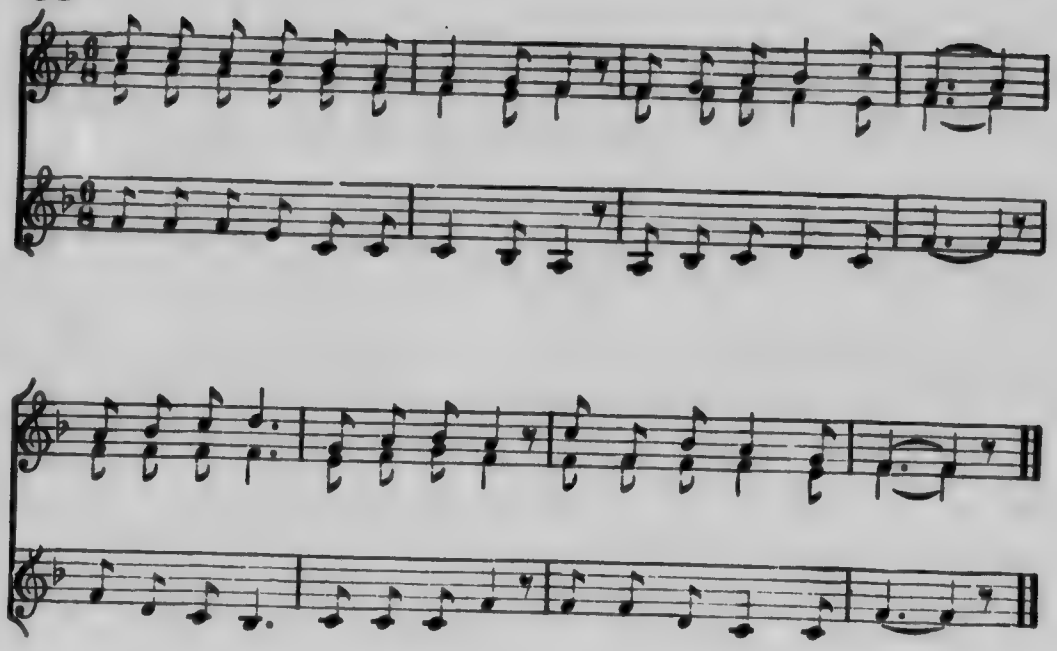

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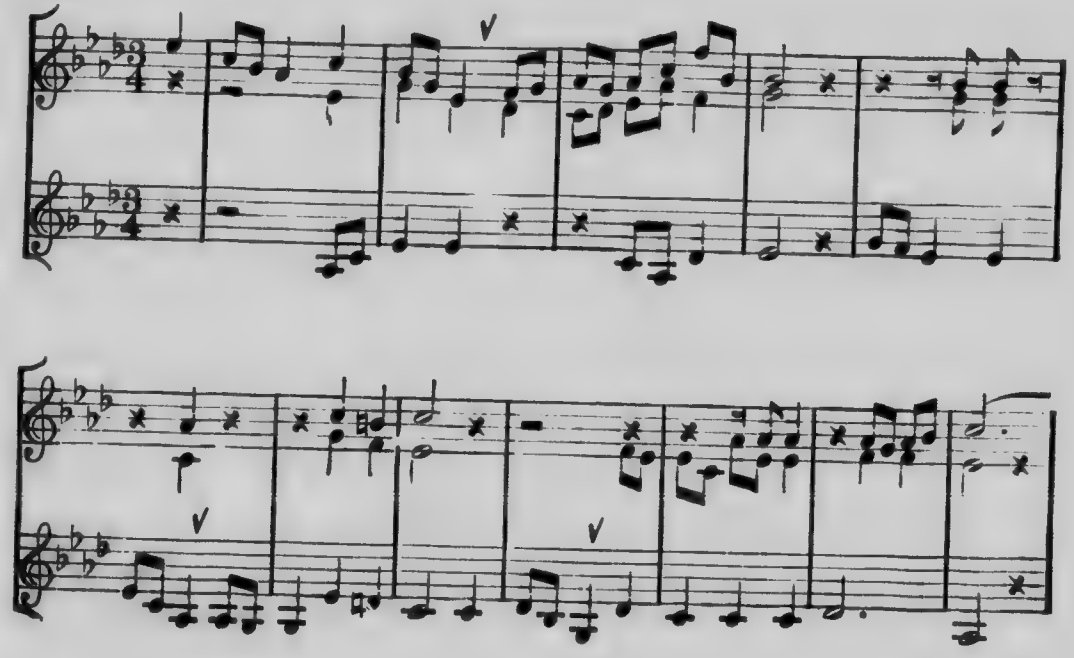

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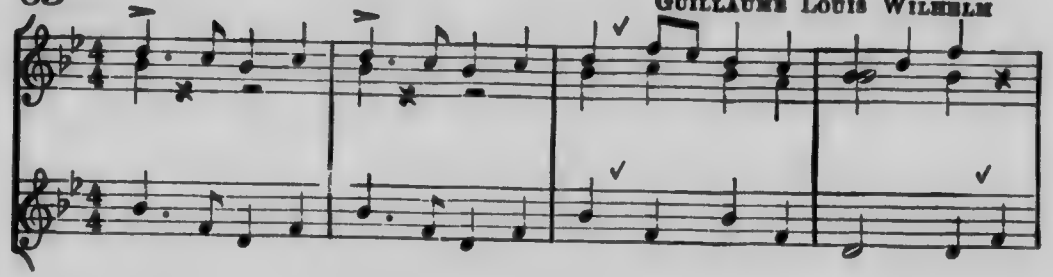

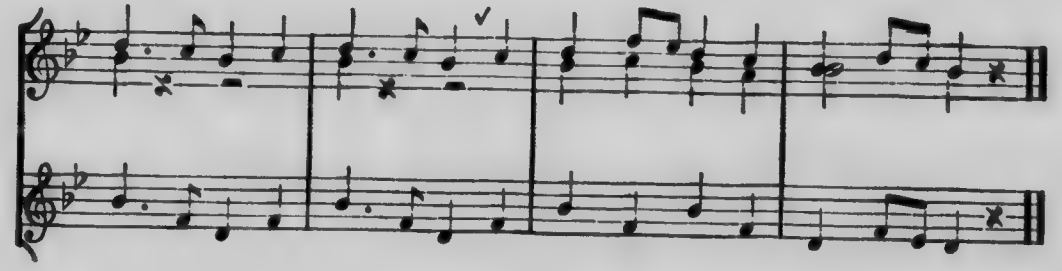

PART SONGS

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM

CELIA THAXTER — GERMAN FOLK SONG

1. If I were a sunbeam, I know what I would do, I'd seek the whitest
2. If I were a sunbeam, I know where I would go, In - to the low - ly
3. Art thou not a sunbeam, O child whose life is glad, Endowed with clearer

li - lies, The sun - ny woodlands through; Stealing in a - mong them, The
hov - els, All dark with want and woe. Till sad hearts look'd upward, I
radiance, Than sunshine ev - er had? As the Lord hath bless'd thee, O

softest light I'd shed, Un - til each grace'ul lil - y Raised its drooping head.
there would shine and shine, Then they would think of heaven, Their sweet home and mine.
scatter rays di - vine, For there can be no sunbeam So helpful as thine.

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HEARTS WITH YOUTH

GERMAN FOLK SONG

Andante

1. Hearts with youth and pleas - ure glow - ing, Fa - ther, we
2. Now with earn - est pur - pose turn - ing To our task,

raise to Thee, Gifts of Thy be - stow - ing.
Lord, we ask Strength and heart for learn - ing.

SEE HOW CALMLY STAR AND STAR

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

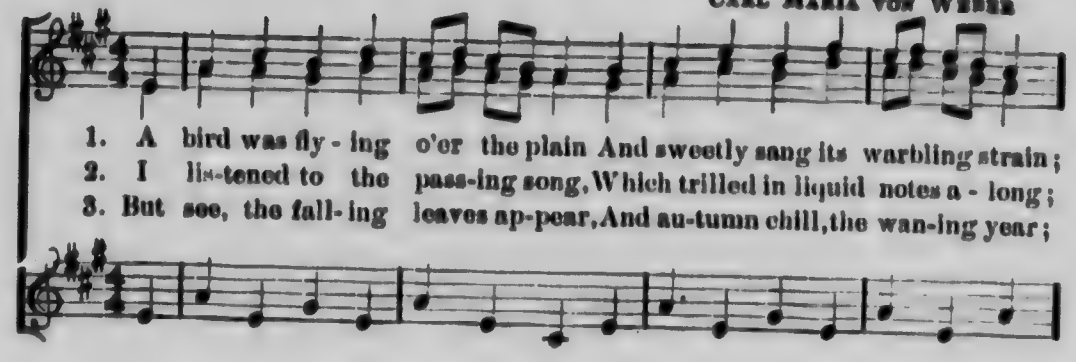
Andante

1. See how calm - ly star and star Thro' the heav'ns are wheel - ing
2. See how calm - ly o'er the green Sil - v'ry streams are flow - ing;
3. Earth and heav'n send forth a voice, Now be dis - cord end - ed,

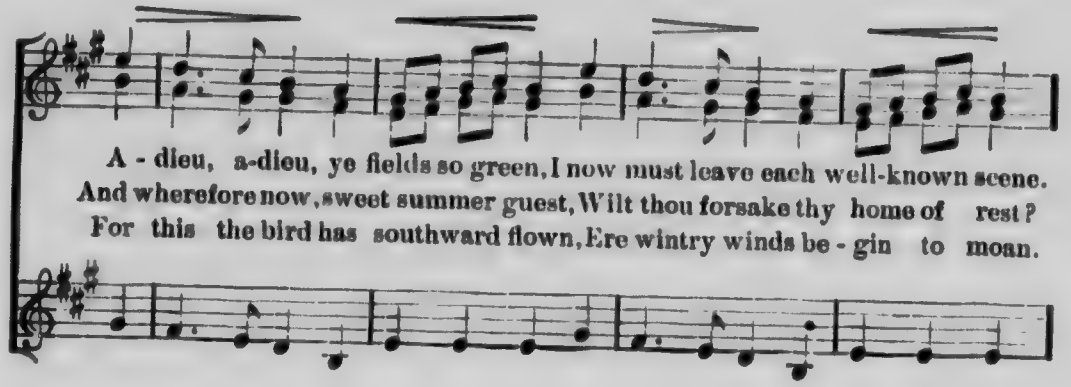
Far from wrath, from tu-mult far, Far from can-non's peal - ing.
Im-aged there the stars are seen, Bright-ly, calm-ly glow - ing.
Live in peace, in love re-joice, Songs and voi - ces blend - ed.

A BIRD WAS FLYING

CARL MARIA VON WEBER

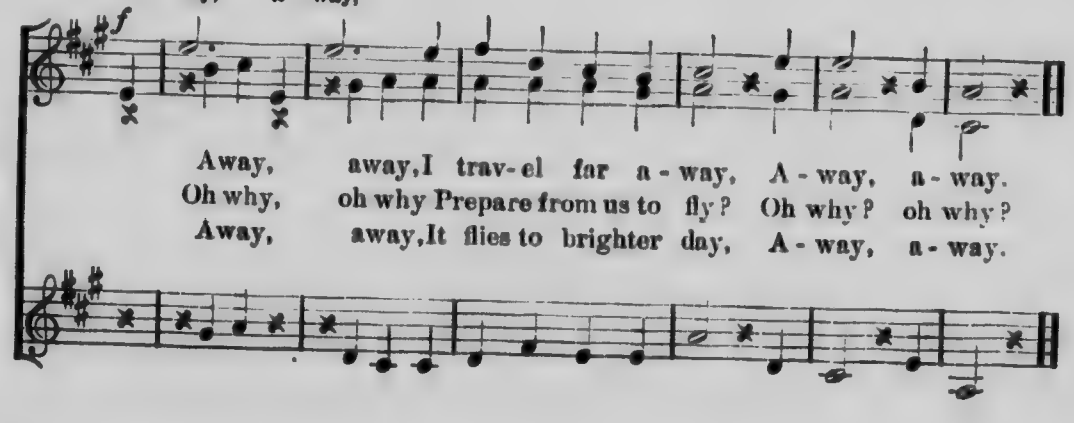


1. A bird was fly - ing o'er the plain And sweetly sang its warbling strain;
2. I lis-tened to the pass-ing song, Which trilled in liquid notes a - long;
3. But see, the fall- ing leaves ap-pear, And au-tumn chill, the wan-ing year;



A - dieu, a-dieu, ye fields so green, I now must leave each well-known scene.
And wherefore now, sweet summer guest, Wilt thou forsake thy home of rest?
For this the bird has southward flown, Ere wintry winds be - gin to moan.

A - way, a - way,
Oh why? oh why?
A - way, a - way,



Away, away, I trav- el far a - way, A - way, a - way.
Oh why, oh why Prepare from us to fly? Oh why? oh why?
Away, away, It flies to brighter day, A - way, a - way.

THE WATERS HERE

Allegretto

1. The wa - ters here, the wild winds there, A - flow - ing, and a - flowing,
2. And on - ly when the strong wind fails, Or low the stream is flowing,

In weather foul, and weather fair, Do set the mill a - go-ing. And
A mo-ment i - dle stand the sails, The mill-wheel stops its go-ing. And

click! clack! and tick! tack! Thro' all the bus - y day,
so should you be sure to do The task that comes each day.

With a will, boys, The mill, boys, Mer - ri - ly works a - way.
With a will, boys, The mill, boys, Mer - ri - ly works a - way.

I NEVER AM LONELY

JOHN HULLAH

mf *Allegretto*

1. I nev - er am lone - ly, no, not I; The lark springs up near me so mer - ri - ly, The crows flock a - bout me, And then the gay breeze Brings the smell of the thyme and the hum of the bees.
2. I lie on the grass and watch the sky; Such fa - ces I see in the clouds that pass by, Bright fa - ces of home, hap - py fa - ces that smile From the rifts of the snow-y clouds, drift - ing the while.
3. The sheep they all know me, ev - 'ry one, And hud - dle up to me when dan - ger comes on; And when the dark storm o - ver - shad - ows the chase, Ran-ger creeps to my side and looks up in my face.

rall.

a tempo

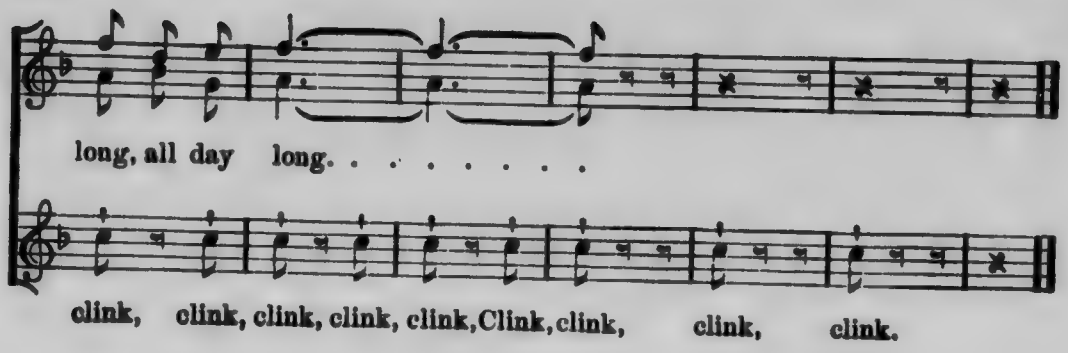
And the sheep - bell goes on With its

p

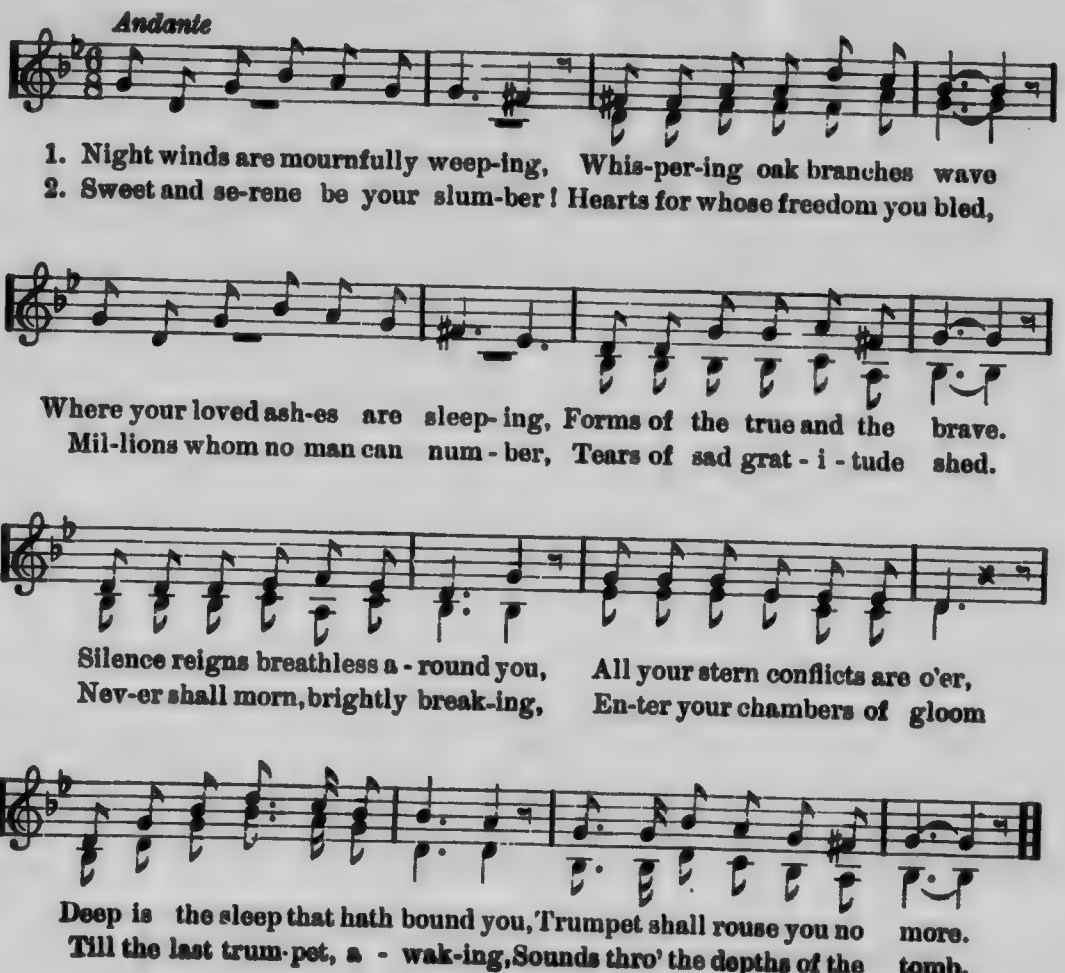
Clink, clink, clink, clink, Clink, clink, clink, clink, Clink,

gen - tle old song, With its gen - tle old song, with its song, All day

clink, clink, clink, Clink, clink, clink, clink, Clink, clink, clink,


long, all day long. . . . . .
clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, Clink, clink, clink, clink.

NIGHT WINDS


Andante
1. Night winds are mournfully weep-ing, Whis-per-ing oak branches wave
2. Sweet and se-rene be your slum-ber! Hearts for whose freedom you bled,
Where your loved ash-es are sleep- ing, Forms of the true and the brave.
Mil-lions whom no man can num - ber, Tears of sad grat - i - tude shed.
Silence reigns breathless a - round you, All your stern conflicts are o'er,
Nev-er shall morn, brightly break-ing, En-ter your chambers of gloom
Deep is the sleep that hath bound you, Trumpet shall rouse you no more.
Till the last trum-pet, a - wak-ing, Sounds thro' the depths of the tomb.

HASTEN TO THE FIELDS

DUETT

F. L. NEWTON

1. Hast - en to the fields a - way, On this beau - teous
2. Playmates, com - rades, friends so true, Ere the morning sun
3. Hast - en now our hands to fill, Ere the sun shall

sum - mer day. O - ver the meadows we i - dly stray To
melts the dew, Join we all in a mer - ry song, All
pass the hill, Rais - - ing ev - er in qui - et hours, Glad

CHORUS.

pluck the first blossoms of May. Then give three cheers, Hur -
sing - ing and danc - ing a - long. Then give three cheers, Hur -
praise to Him who gives the flow'rs. Then give three cheers, Hur -

rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! For a pleasant summer day. With the

sweetest flow'rs and a pret - ty song, We'll drive dull care a - way.

DEEP BE THY SLEEP

German Folk Song

Largo e piano

thy grave, Thou
day! The
be - fore; Through

1. Deep be thy sleep! Rest thee with - in thy grave, Thou love - ly
2. Deep be thy sleep! How brief thy fleet - ing day! The morning's
3. Deep be thy sleep! Thy spir - it goes be - fore; Thro' bit - ter

love - ly form whose
morn-ing's ros - y
bit - ter fall - ing

death No
night Too
hears, We

form whose breath From cold re - lent - less death No bloom
ros - y light To shades of si - lent night Too soon
fall - ing tears, Our faith thy mes - sage hears, We all

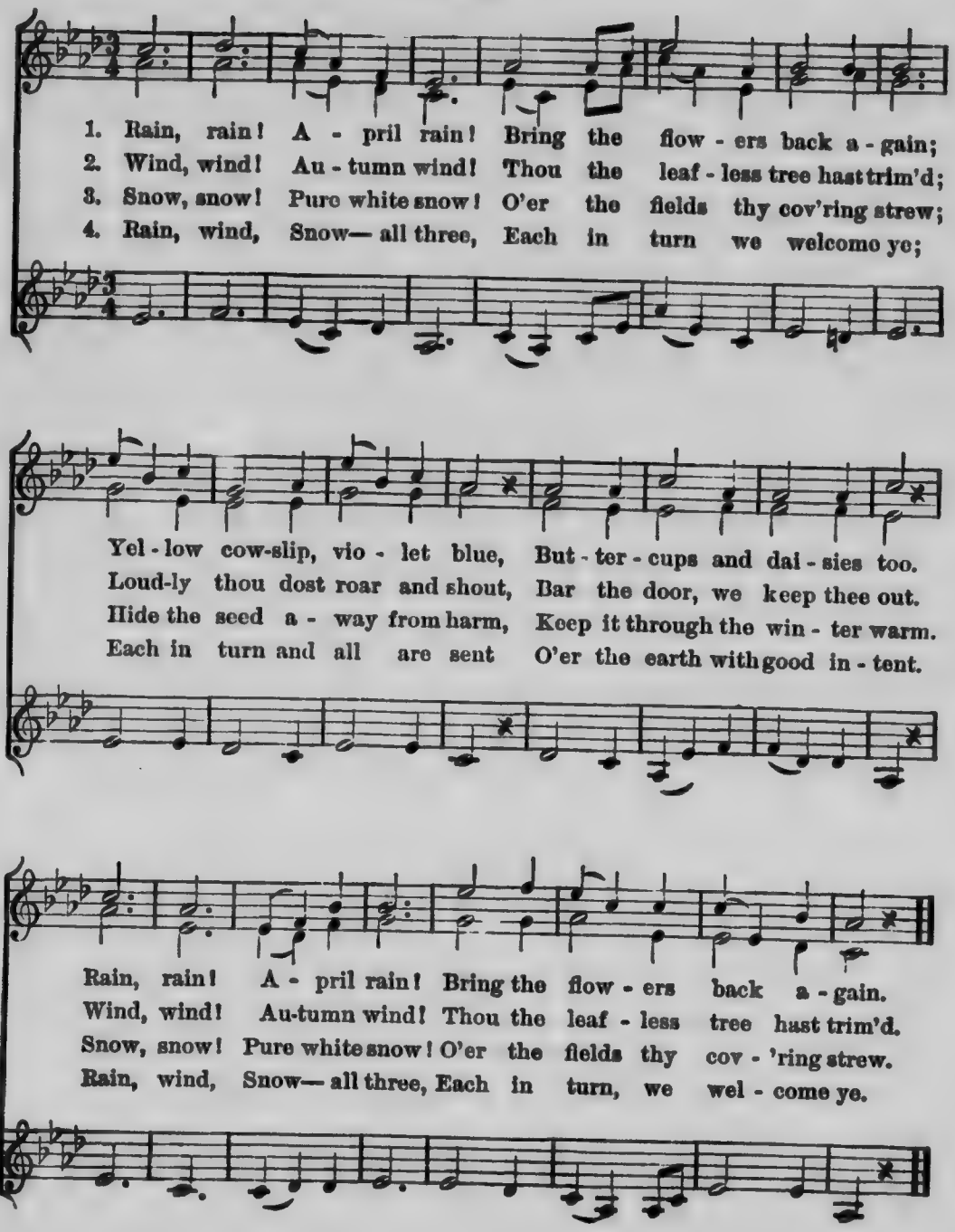
breath From cold . .
light To shades . .
tears, Our faith . .

bloom
soon
all

In peace . .
How brief . .
Thy spir - . . it

. . of youth could save. Deep be thy sleep, In peace within thy grave.
. . hath passed a - way. Deep be thy sleep! How brief thy fleeting day!
. . shall meet once more. Deep be thy sleep! Thy spir - it goes be - fore.

RAIN


1. Rain, rain! A - pril rain! Bring the flow - ers back a - gain;
2. Wind, wind! Au - tumn wind! Thou the leaf - less tree hast trim'd;
3. Snow, snow! Pure white snow! O'er the fields thy cov'ring strew;
4. Rain, wind, Snow— all three, Each in turn we welcome ye;
Yel - low cow-slip, vio - let blue, But - ter - cups and dai - sies too.
Loud-ly thou dost roar and shout, Bar the door, we keep thee out.
Hide the seed a - way from harm, Keep it through the win - ter warm.
Each in turn and all are sent O'er the earth with good in - tent.
Rain, rain! A - pril rain! Bring the flow - ers back a - gain.
Wind, wind! Au-tumn wind! Thou the leaf - less tree hast trim'd.
Snow, snow! Pure white snow! O'er the fields thy cov - 'ring strew.
Rain, wind, Snow— all three, Each in turn, we wel - come ye.

STREAMS ARE FLOWING

HEINRICH HOFFMAN

1. Streams are flowing, breez-es blowing, Warblers pouring forth their song,
2. Winds ca-ress us, joys pos-sess us, Joys that sluggards nev-er know;

All in-vite us out to wander, Nor in sloth our time to squander.
Skirt-ing lakes and rock-y ledg-es, Piercing for-ests, leap-ing hedges,

cres.

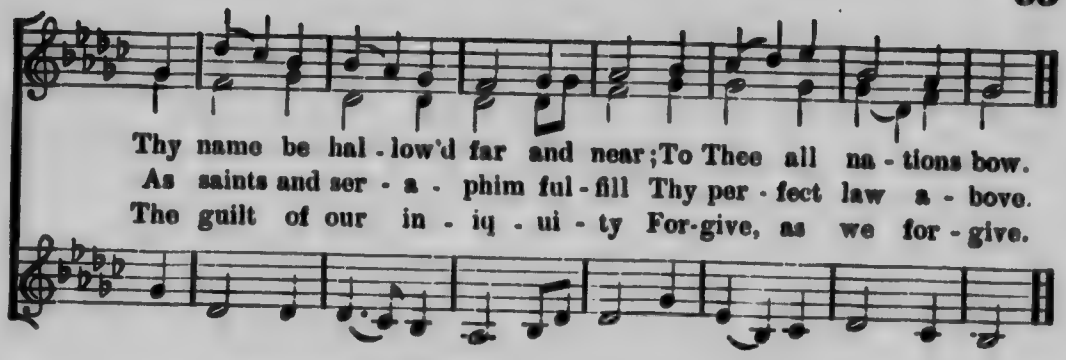
Health to ac-tive life be-longs, Health to ac-tive life be-longs.
Blithe and mer-ry on we go, Blithe and mer-ry on we go.

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER

GEORG FRIEDRICH HANDEL

Andante

1. Our heaven-ly Fa - ther, hear The prayer we of - fer now;
2. Thy king - dom come; Thy will On earth be done in love,
3. Our dai - ly bread sup - ply, While by Thy word we live,



FROM WOOD AND VALLEY

A. J. Foxwell — Johann Metz

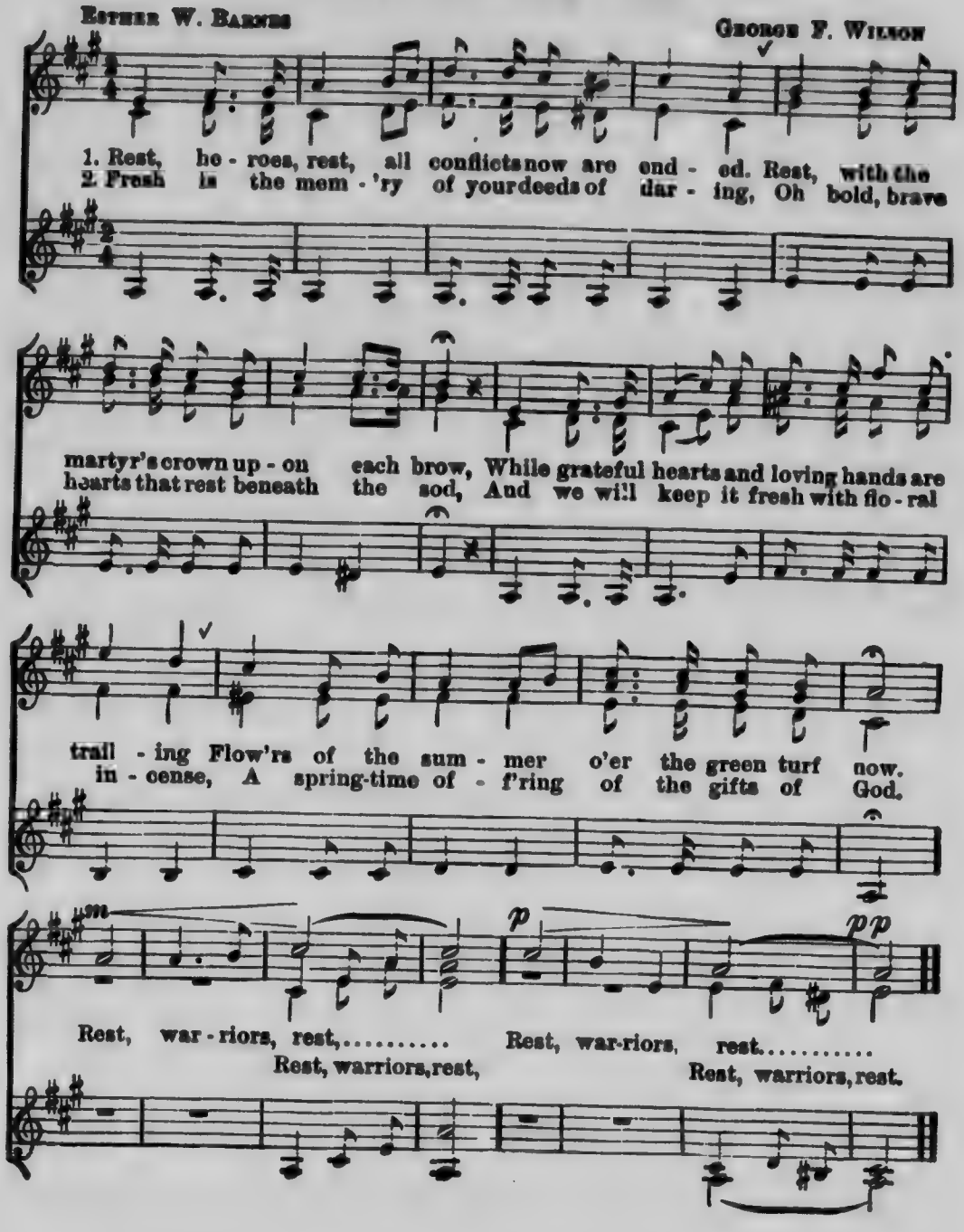
Andantino

mp

1. From wood and val - ley call - eth The joy - ous bird no more; . . Wher - e'er a moon - beam fall - eth, There gleams the crys - tal floor.
2. The tree scarce throws a shad - ow, Where tall and grand it stands; . . The stream a - long the mead - ow Is bound in i - cy bands.
3. Yet light and warmth are gleam - ing In ev - 'ry cot - tage low, . . . And hap - py fa - ces beam - ing, Tho' chilled by win - ter's snow.

f

REST HEROES REST



WHEN THE ROSY MORN

Allegretto

1. When the ros - y morn ap - pear-ing Paints with gold the ver-dant lawn,
2. Warbling birds, the day pro-claim-ing, Car - ol sweet the live - ly strain;
3. In the field the hum-ble glean-er Gath-ers scat-tered ears that fall;

Bees, on banks of thyme dis - port - ing, Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.
They for-sake their leaf - y dwell-ing To se - cure the gold-en grain.
Na-ture, mind-ful of her chil - dren, In her boun - ty cares for all.

O PRECIOUS GIFT

Moderato

German Folk Song

1. O precious gift, O might mysterious, Which stirs within the throbbing breast!
2. Oh! this we feel that life e - ter-nal These laws for our enjoyment framed;

With earnest tho't and purpose serious, The soul must view the boon possessed.
And this we own, that Pow'r super-nal Has just-ly our obedience claimed.

COLUMBIA

TIMOTHY DWIGHT

1. Co - lum - bia, Co - lum - bia, to glo - ry a - rise, The
2. Thy reign is the last and the no - blest of time, Most

queen of the world and child of the skies! Thy
fruit - ful thy soil, most in - vit - ing thy clime; Let the

m

cres. *ff*

gen - ius com - mands thee; with rap - ture be - hold,
crimes of the East ne'er en - crim - son thy name,

cres.

While a - ges on a - ges thy splen - dor un - fold.
Be free - dom and sci - ence and vir - tue thy fame.

LET THE MERRY CHURCH BELLS RING

Moderato

1. Let the mer - ry church bells ring, Hence with tears and sigh - ing
2. Let the birds sing out a - gain, Joy - ous - ly e - lat - ed,

1. Let the mer - ry church bells ring, Hence with tears and sigh - ing,
2. Let the birds sing out a - gain, Joyous - ly e - lat - ed,

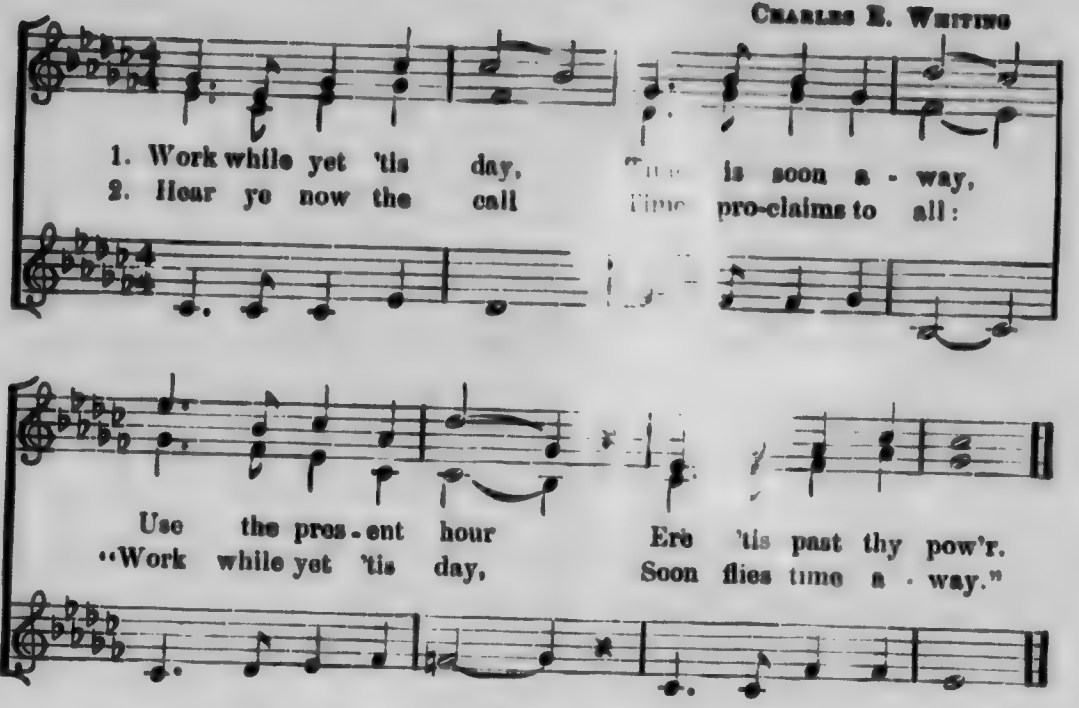
Frost and cold have fled from spring, Life hath conquered dy - ing, Life hath
Praising Him in for - est fane, Who hath all cre - a - ted, Who hath

conquered dy - ing. Flowers are smil-ing, fields are gay, Sun - ny is the
all cre - a - ted. Sounds of joy come loud and clear, As the breezes

weath-er. Let all na - ture sing to-day, All things sing to-geth-er.
flut - ter. "God is love and love is here!" Is the strain they ut-ter.

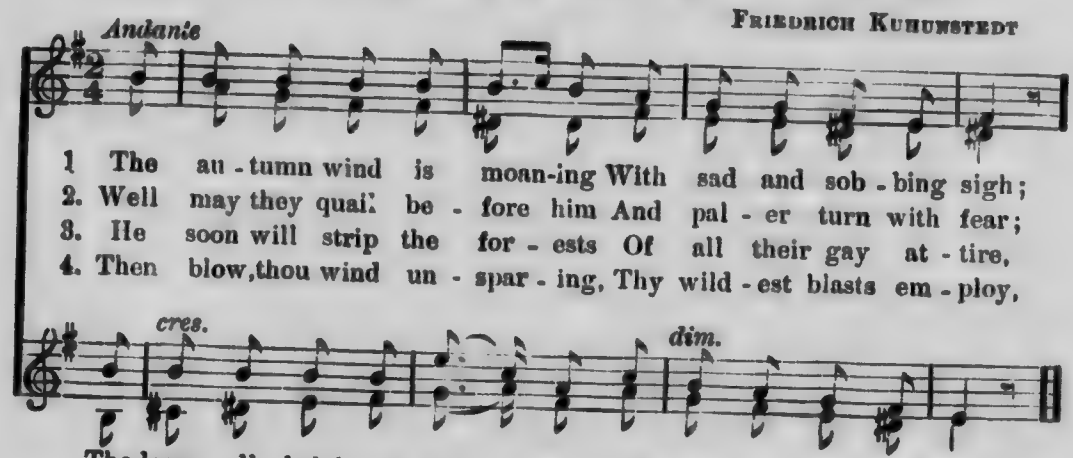
WORK WHILE YET 'TIS DAY

CHARLES E. WHITING



THE AUTUMN WIND IS MOANING

FRIEDRICH KUHNSTEDT



IN THE SUNNY BEAM

JOSEPH GERSBACH

1. In the sun-ny beam, O'er the plain and stream, How your song like a bell is ring - ing!
2. When the wind is chill Or the air is still, Ever constant and cheerful you hov - er.
3. If I could but be E'er so hap- py like thee, And could I quickly flee my sor - row,

plain and stream, How your
air is still, Ev - er
hap-py like thee, Ah! could

To and fro you fly, 'Neath the sunny sky, While in
Now you flit be-low, Now a - loft you go, Not a
In the sun-ny ray Of the summer day I would

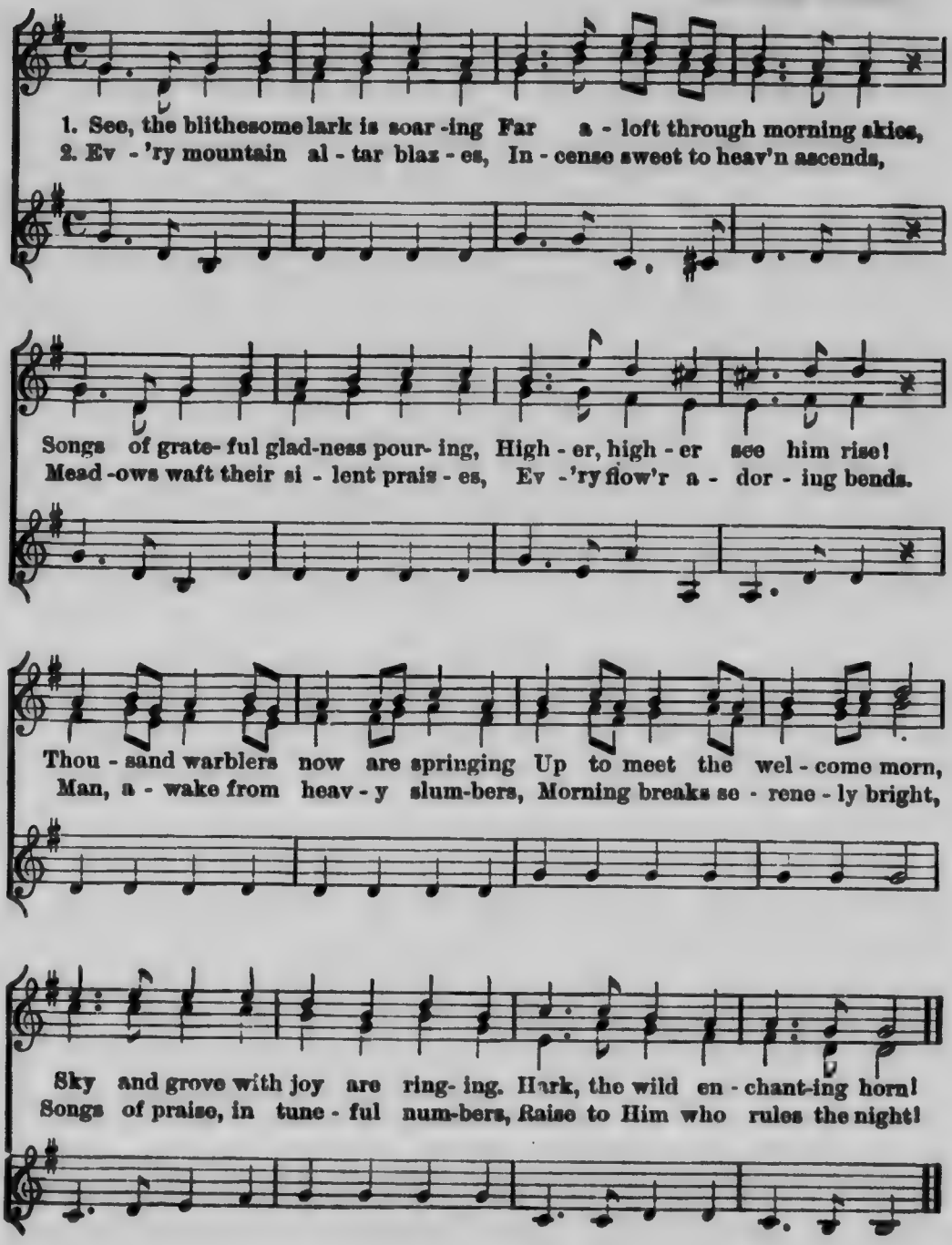
song like a bell is ring-ing!
constant and cheerful you hover.
I too but flee my sor - row,

si - lence we list to your sing - - - - - ing.
grief in your song we dis - cov - - - - - er.
sport, nor would grieve for the mor - - - - - row.

While in si - lence we list to your sing - ing.
Not a grief in your song we dis - cov - er.
I would sport, nor would grieve for the mor - row.

SEE THE BLITHESOME LARK

FRIEDRICH SILCHER



FRAGRANT AIR EVERYWHERE.

German Folk Song

1. Fra-grant air, ev - 'ry-where, blue the sky a - bove; Oh! how sweet
2. Wood so wide, ver - dant pride, thou my dear - est home; Song and sound

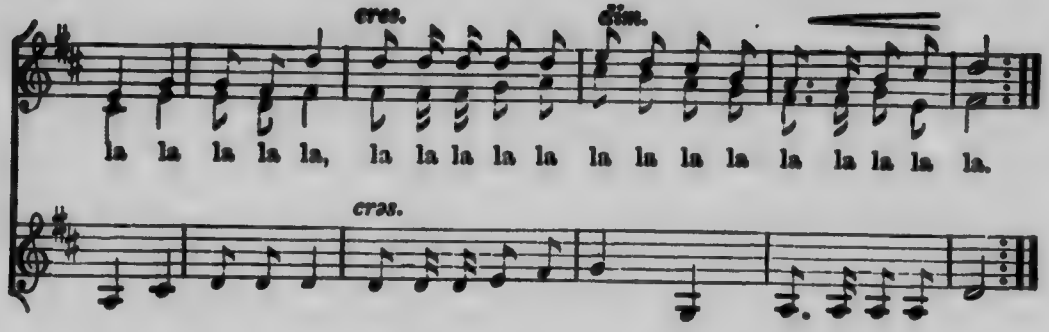
on light feet round a - bout to rove! [Omit.] rove! Zeph-yrs play with
all a - round call me forth to roam. [Omit.] roam. And in joy and

balm - y flow - ers, and how charming - ly Mer - ry birds in
ad - mi - ra - tion thus a - bout I rove, Prais - ing loud the

cres.

ver - da nt bow-ers Tune their mel - o - dy! Tra la la la la
Lord's cre - a - tion And His boundless love. Tra la la la la

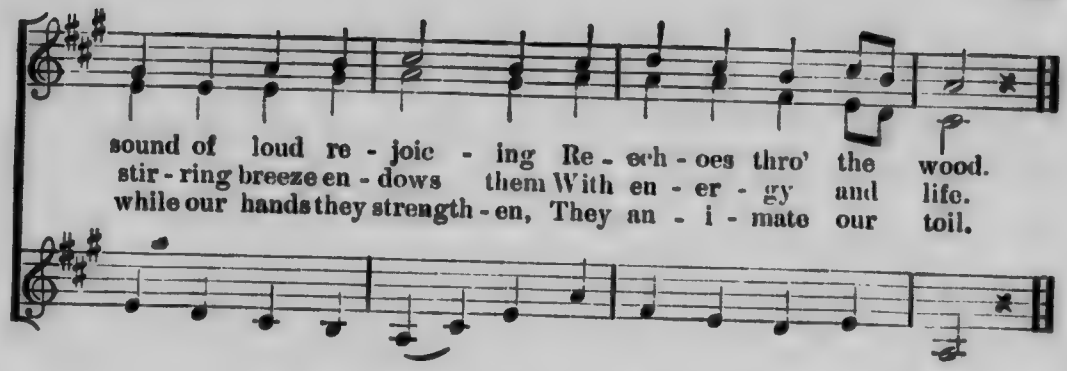
p



THE WINDS OF MARCH ARE BLOWING

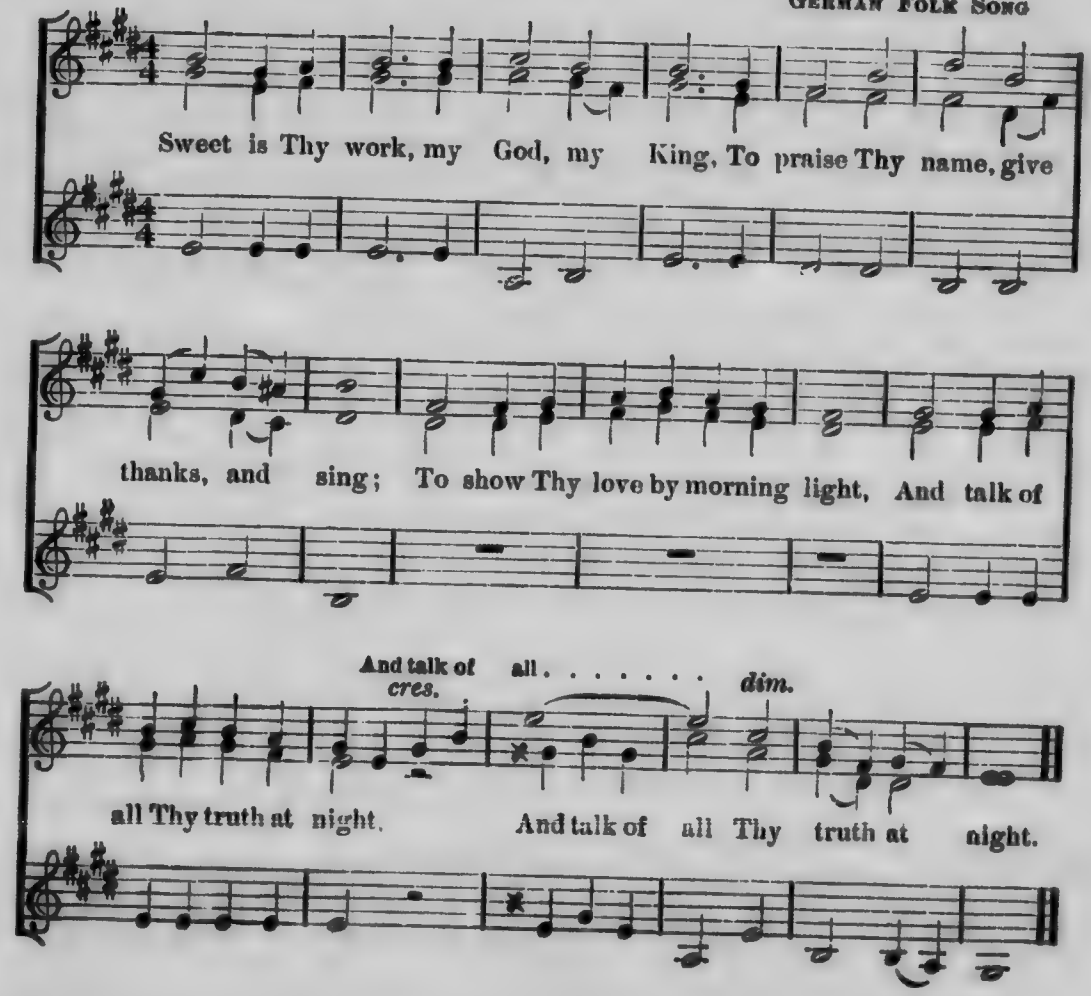
German Folk Song

1. The winds of March are blow-ing, And freshens all the rush-ing air, The streams a - gain are flow - ing, Spring's pathway to pre - pare; The for - est trees are toss-ing Their gi - ant arms in gladsome mood, The
2. For Nat-ure, kind-ly moth - er, Is bid - ding all her tribes a-wake, And join with one an - oth - er, Old Winter's chain to break; The winds of March a - rouse them To vig - or in the ea - ger strife, The
3. What tho' with nois-y blus - ter, The winds of March sometimes may rove, The pow'r of Spring they mus - ter Rais - es the sap in grove. As days re - vive and length-en, They clear the mists our hopes that spoil, And



SWEET IS THY WORK

German Folk Song



ONCE AGAIN COMES STILLY NIGHT

KARL ERNST NAUMANN

Andante

1. Once a-gain comes stil - ly night Soft - ly clos -ing o'er us,
2. Would you sweet re - pose en - joy, Peace of mind poss - ess - ing?
3. Be it ours while here be - low, Thus to learn to la - bor,

Time has dropp'd in rap - id flight One more day be - fore us.
Peace - ful - ly your time em - ploy, Mak - ing life a bless - ing.
Hon - or to our God to show, Kind - ness to our neigh - bor.

Welcome is the ev' - ning hour, Friend of all the wea - ry,
Conscience then with look se - rene Smil - ing - ly will greet you;
He who thro' the world has pass'd, Leaving good be - hind him,

Sleep with its re - stor - ing power, Cheers the lot most drear - y.
Pleas - ant tho'ts will gild the scene, Pleas - ant dreams will meet you.
Peace -ful - ly will rest at last, When the end shall find him.

MY GOD HOW ENDLESS

German Choral

1. My God, how end-less is Thy love, Thy gifts are ev-'ry evening new,
2. Thou spread'st the curtain of the night, Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
3. I yield my pow'rs to Thy command, To Thee I con-se - crate my days;

And morn-ing mercies from a-bove Gen-tly dis-til like ear-ly dew.
Thy sov'reign word restores the light And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.
And dai-ly bless-ings from Thy hand Demand my dai-ly songs of praise.

DOWN IN MY NATIVE VALE

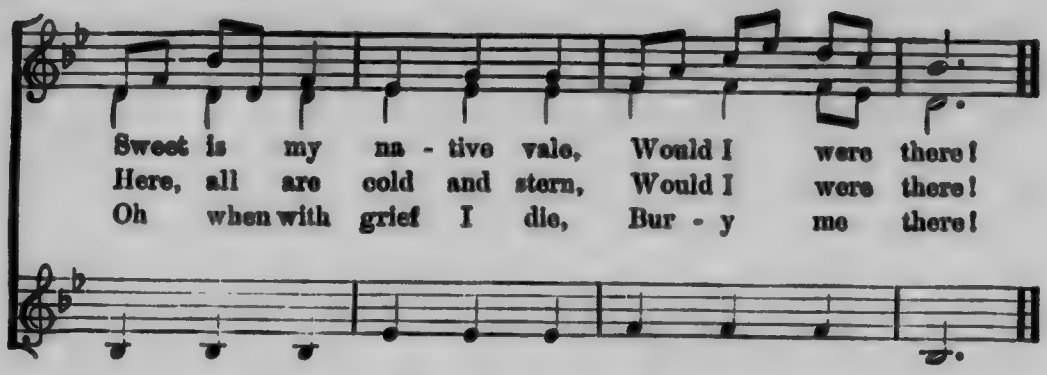
English Folk Song

Animato

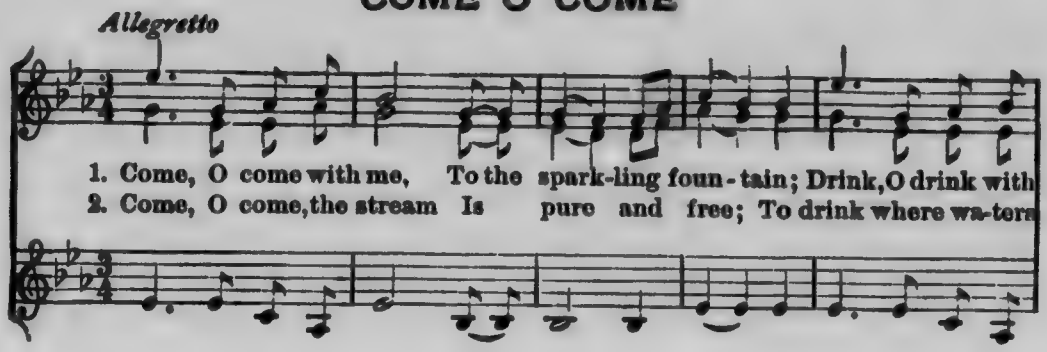
1. Down in my na-tive vale, Flow'rs bloom so fair!
2. Ah! in my na-tive vale, Kind-ness is there!
3. Ah! in my na-tive vale, All are so dear!

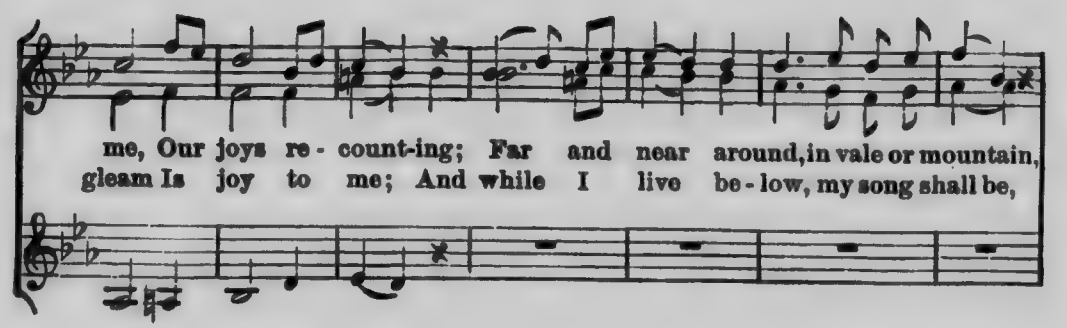
1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3

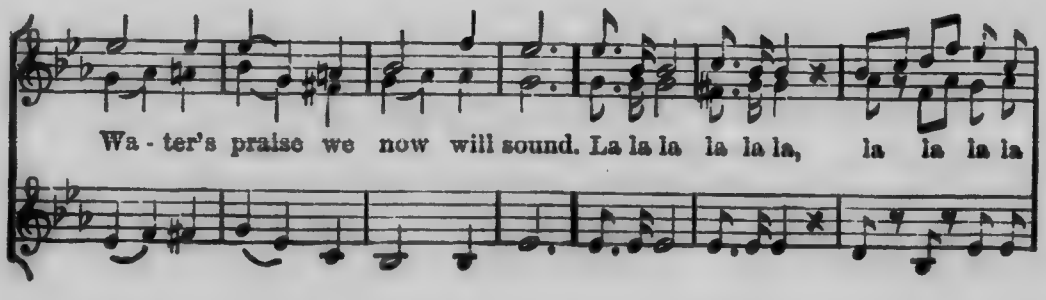
Sloes here and this-tles grow, Grapes there in clus-ters grow;
Kind fa-ces there you meet, Kind words your pres-ence greet;
Here, ban-ished far a-way, Sad-ly I weep and pray;

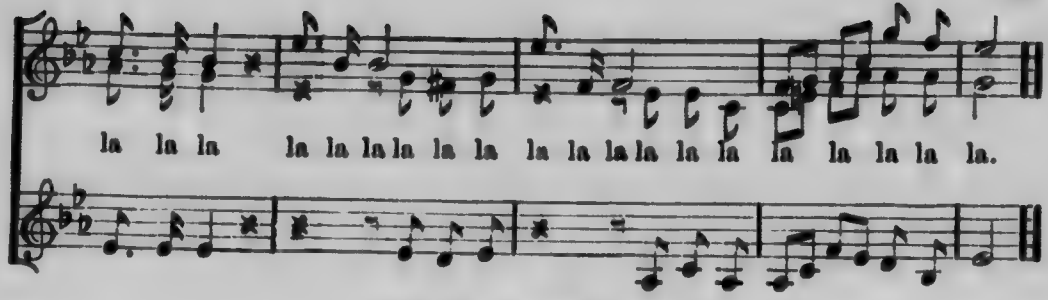

Sweet is my na - tive vale, Would I were there!
Here, all are cold and stern, Would I were there!
Oh when with grief I die, Bur - y me there!

COME O COME


Allegretto
1. Come, O come with me, To the spark-ling foun - tain; Drink, O drink with
2. Come, O come, the stream Is pure and free; To drink where wa-ters

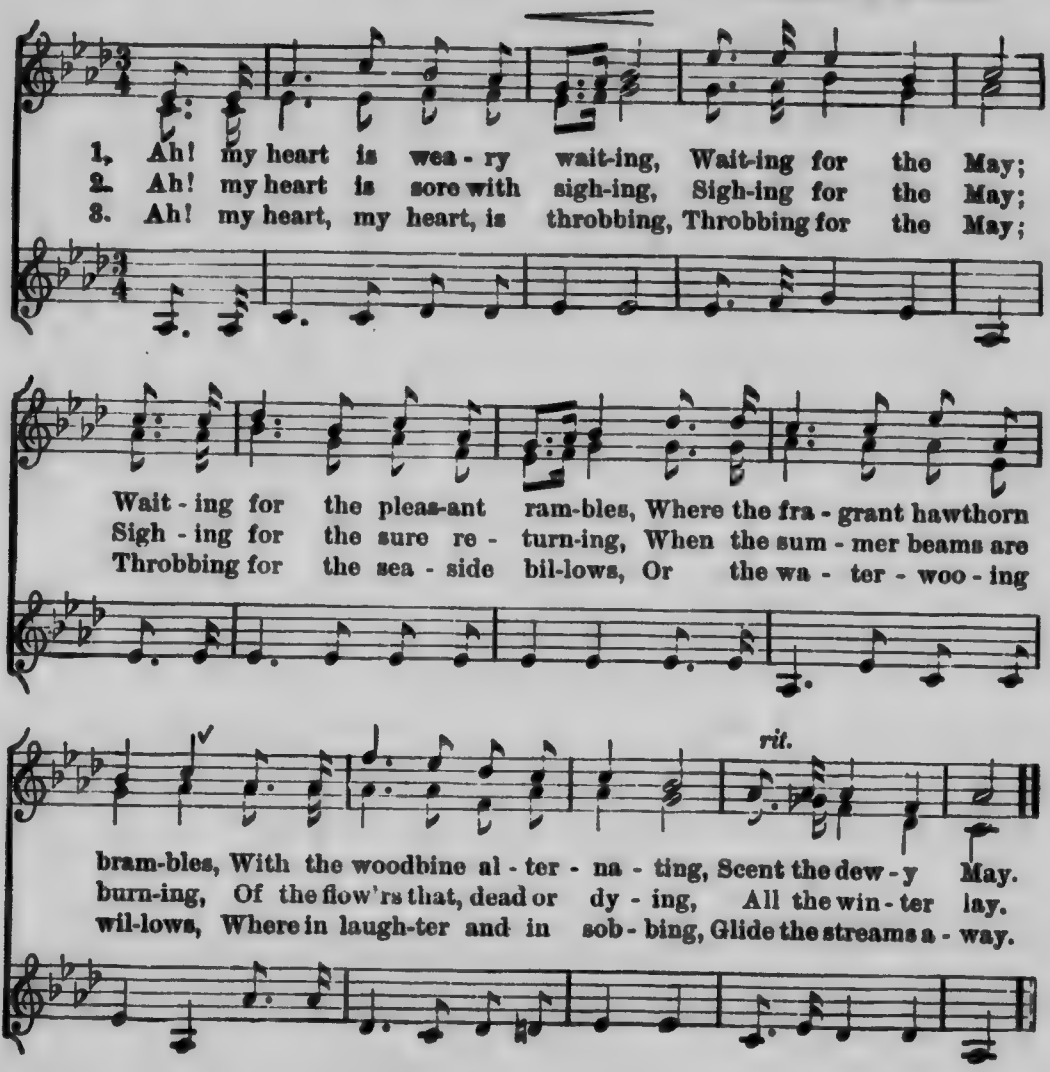

me, Our joys re - count-ing; Far and near around, in vale or mountain,
gleam Is joy to me; And while I live be - low, my song shall be,


Wa - ter's praise we now will sound. La la la la la la, la la la la



AH MY HEART

CHARLES E. WHITING



BRIGHT ARE YOUNG LIFE'S GOLDEN TREASURES

English Folk Song

Moderato

1. Bright are young life's gold-en treas - ures, Charm-ing, its fa - vor - ite pleas - ures, Quick - ly they fol - low like notes of a song, Com - ing, com - ing, hap - pi - ly all the day long.
2. Youth's brightest fan - cies are glow - ing, Ros - es and li - lies are blow - ing. Oh love the fair bloom-ing joys while you may, Fond - ly, fond - ly, quick - ly they with - er a - way.
3. An - gels a - round thee are sigh - ing, Life's sweet-est pleasures are dy - ing. Fond ros - y dream - er, oh would'st thou be wise? Cher - ish, cher - ish vir - tue that leads to the skies.

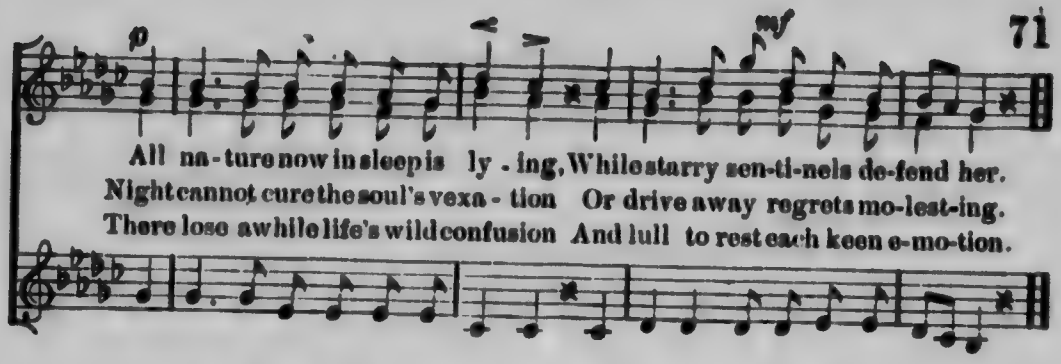
IN SILENCE DEEP

E. Bajmann

Andante

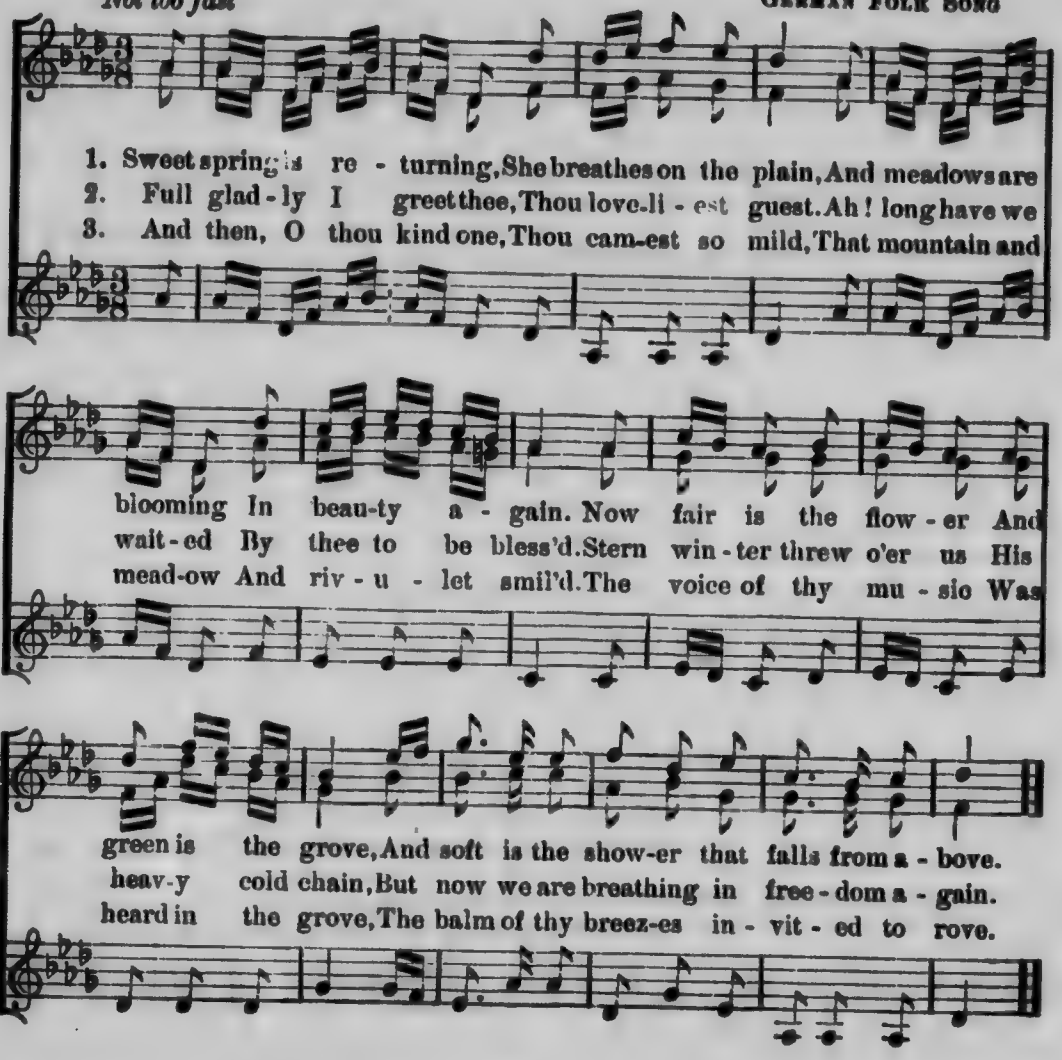
p

1. In si- lence deep the day is waning, And fad - ing all its former splendor;
2. A - las! for me there's no cessation Of anxious thoughts and care unresting;
3. Yet let me seek the dim seclusion Of midnight walk by slumb'ring ocean,



SWEET SPRING IS RETURNING

Not too fast — German Folk Song



ON A MOONBEAM

GIOACHINO ANTONIO ROSSINI

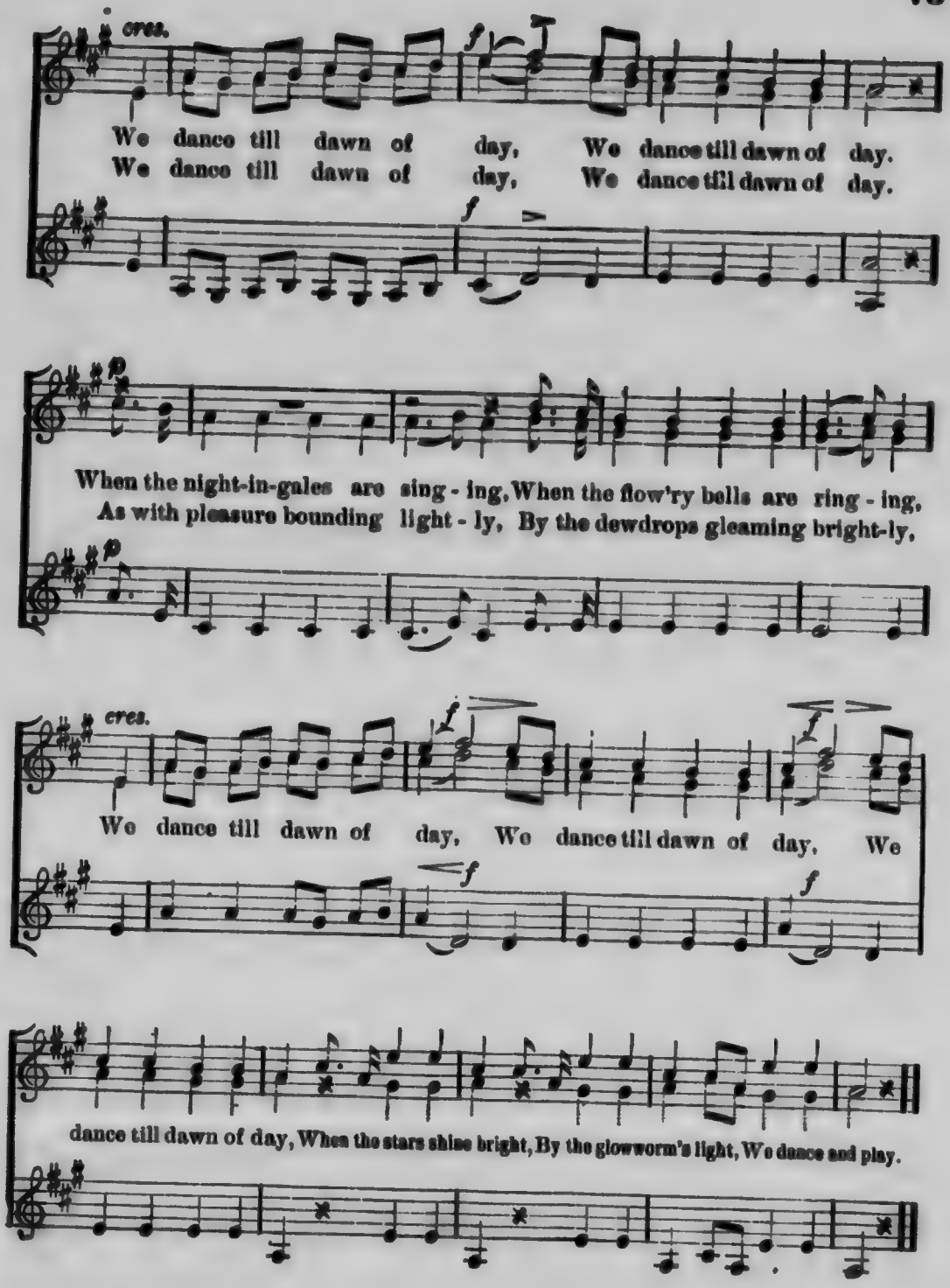
Allegro

1. On a moonbeam brightly shining, All we fair - ies glide a - long;
2. Not a frown to mar our gladness, Not a thought that care may bring,

Or on flow-'ry banks re - clin-ing, A - wake the cheerful song.
Nor a word to wak - en sad-ness, Comes near our charmed ring;

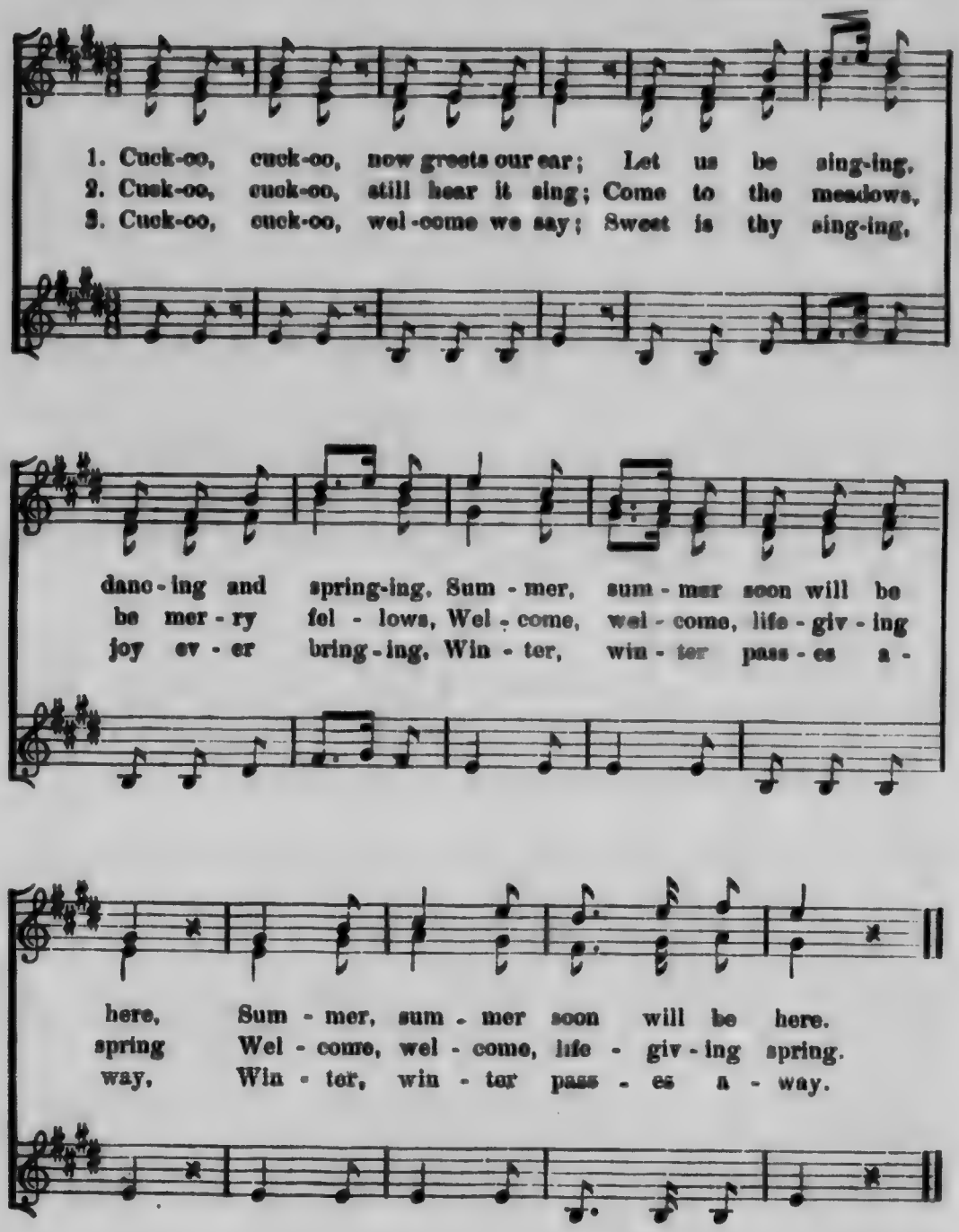
When the stars are bright, By the glowworm's light, In mer-ry sport we play;
But the mer - ry beat Of our twinkling feet A - round its cir - clet play,

When the nightin-gales are sing - ing, When the flow'ry bells are ring - ing,
As with pleasure bounding light - ly, By the dewdrops glancing bright-ly,


cres.
We dance till dawn of day, We dance till dawn of day.
We dance till dawn of day, We dance till dawn of day.
When the night-in-gales are sing - ing, When the flow'ry bells are ring - ing,
As with pleasure bounding light - ly, By the dewdrops gleaming bright-ly,
cres.
We dance till dawn of day, We dance till dawn of day, We
dance till dawn of day, When the stars shine bright, By the glowworm's light, We dance and play.

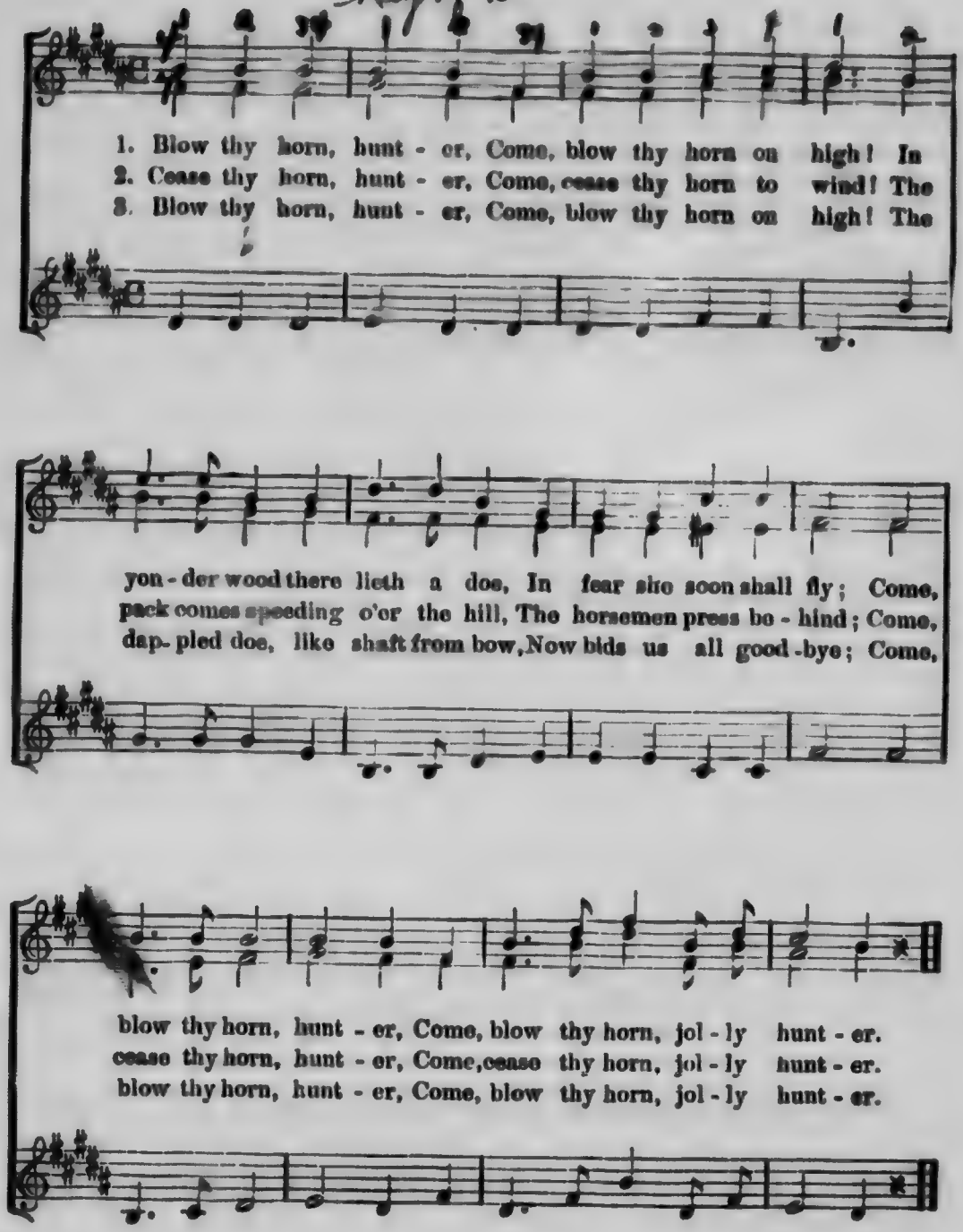
CUCKOO CUCKOO

FRIEDRICH SILCHER



BLOW THY HORN HUNTER

key of B



FLOWING FREE

Charles E. Whiting

Moderato

Sunbeams
Brood-ing

1. Flow - ing free! flow - ing free! Sunbeams through
2. Flow - ing free! flow - ing free! Brooding shad -

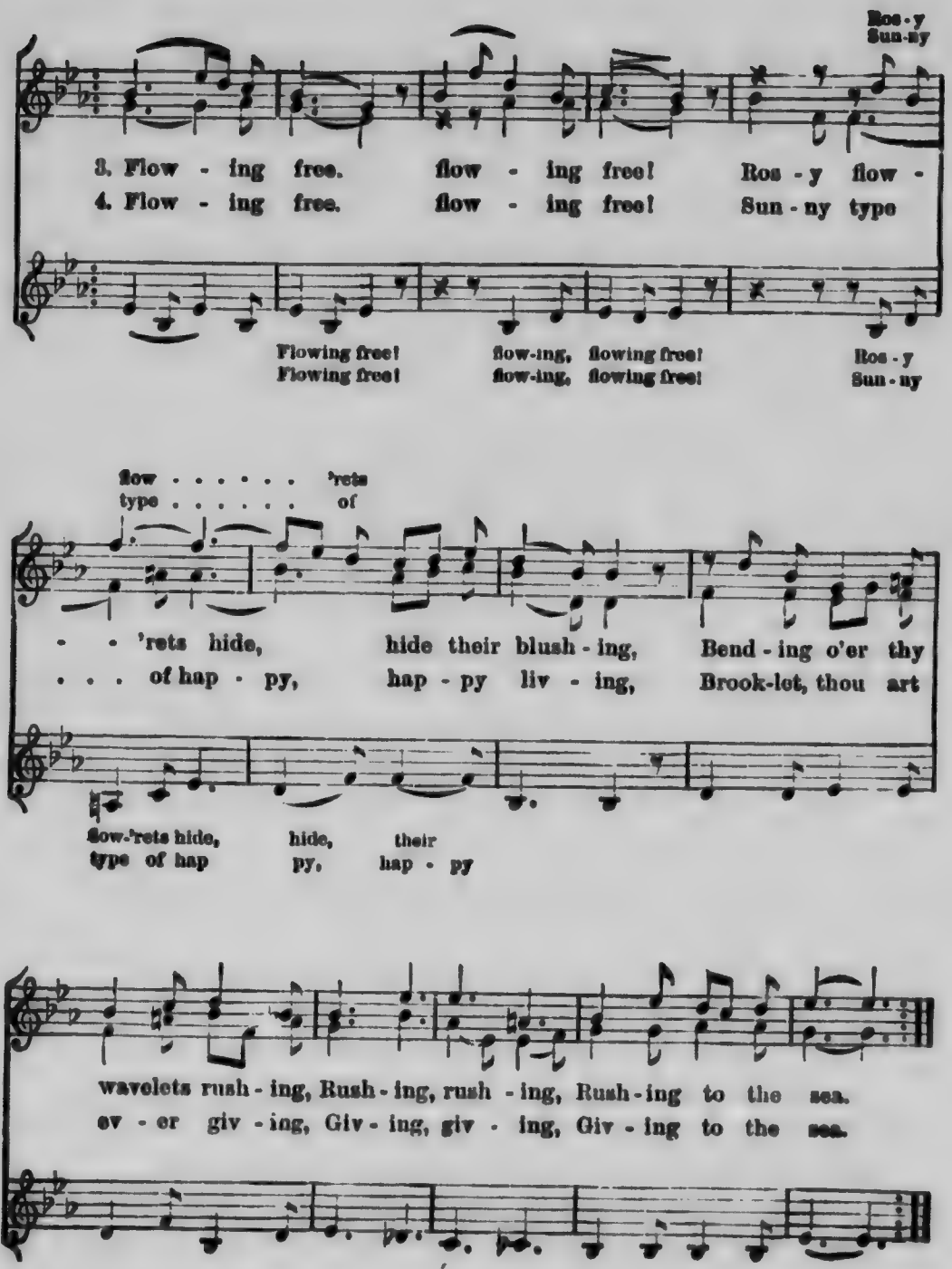
Flowing free! flow-ing, flowing free, Sunbeams
Flowing free! flow-ing, flowing free, Brooding

through . . . . . thy
shad . . . . . ows

. . . thy wa - ters, thy wa - ters glanc - ing, Thou art on - ward,
- - ows, shad - ows o'er the moun - tain Can - not hide thy

through thy wa - ters, thy
shad - ows, shad - ows

on-ward danc - ing, Danc - ing, danc - ing, danc - ing to the sea.
sun - ny foun - tain, Sparkling, spark - ling, spark-ling to the sea.


Ros - y
Sun - ny
3. Flow - ing free. flow - ing free! Ros - y flow -
4. Flow - ing free. flow - ing free! Sun - ny type
Flowing free! flow-ing, flowing free! Ros - y
Flowing free! flow-ing, flowing free! Sun - ny
flow . . . . . 'rets
type . . . . . of
- - 'rets hide, hide their blush - ing, Bend - ing o'er thy
. . . of hap - py, hap - py liv - ing, Brook-let, thou art
flow-'rets hide, hide, their
type of hap py, hap - py
wavelets rush - ing, Rush - ing, rush - ing, Rush - ing to the sea.
ev - er giv - ing, Giv - ing, giv - ing, Giv - ing to the sea.

SOFTLY RUSTLE THE LEAVES

CARL LEITE

Softly *pp* *p* *mf*

1. Soft-ly, soft-ly, rus-tle the leaves in the wood; Cares which may the
2. Soft-ly, soft-ly, murmur the bees in the bower; Droning, buzzing,
3. Soft-ly, soft-ly, ripples the brook in the grove, Gurgling o-ver

cres.

mind en-cum-ber Wav-ing branch-es soothe to slum-ber;
go-ing, com-ing, Fly-ing still with drow-sy hum-ming;
sto-ny pla-ces, Glid-ing in the mos-sy spa-ces;

pp *p*

Soft-ly, soft-ly, rus-tle the leaves in the wood.
Soft-ly, soft-ly, mur-mur the bees in the bower.
Soft-ly, soft-ly, rip-ples the brook in the grove.

COME DOWN

Spirituoso — JOHN HULLAH

cres.

1. Come down in - to the har - vest fields This au-tumn morn with me, For
2. With - in the sun - ny har - vest fields We'll gath-er flow'rs a - new, The
3. Come then in - to the har - vest fields; The rob - in sings his song, The

dim.

in the pleas-ant au-tumn fields There's much to hear and see. . On
pop - py red, the mar - i - gold, The lark-spur bright-ly blue; We'll
corn stands yel-low on the hills, And au - tumn stays not long. They'll

cres. *rall.* *Va tempo*

yel - low slopes of wav - ing corn The au - tumn sun shines clear-ly, And 'tis
gath - er white con- vol - vu - lus, That opes in morn - ing ear - ly, With a
bear the sheaves of corn a - way, They bore to - day so ear - ly A -

f

joy to walk, on days like this, A- mong the beard - ed bar - ley.
cluster of nuts, a sheaf of wheat, And ears of beard - ed bar - ley.
long the lanes with rust-ling sound On loads of beard - ed bar - ley.

NOW SPARKLING AND BRIGHT

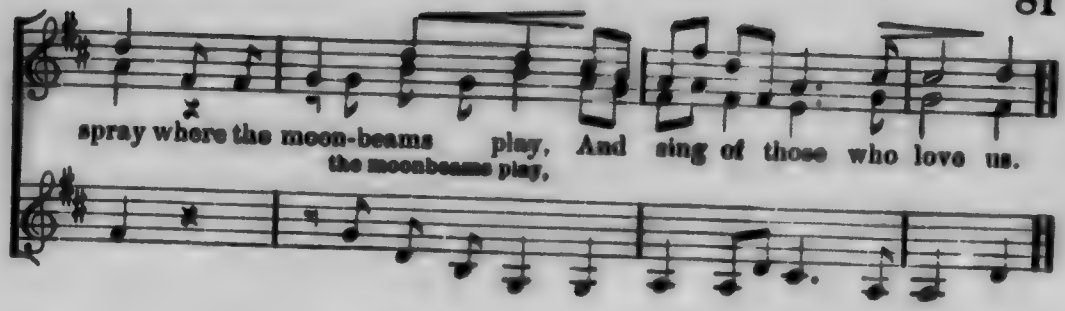
Spirited

1. Now spark-ling and bright is the silvery light Of the path that the moonbeams
2. The stars full of light are glowing bright, In the vault-ed arch of
3. O list to the bells, the distant bells, That ves-pers sweet are

gleam in, As forth we go in the ten-der glow That the
heav-en, While soft-ly shine from the lim-pid brine Their re-
chim-ing; We return their song as we float a-long, While the

fair-ies love to dream in. Then a-way, pull a-way, lads, now with a
flect-ed rays un-ev-en. Then a-way, pull a-way, lads, now with a
moon is up-ward climb-ing. Then a-way, pull a-way, lads, now with a

will, While the moon shineth brightly a-bove us; We will dash thro' the



HOURS OF EVENING

Andante — SICILIAN MELODY

cres.

1. Hours of eve - ning, calm and love - ly, Twi - light
All to sol - emn rap - ture move me, Earth re -
2. Hymns as - cend - ing, voi - ces blend - ing, There join
Here, in rapt de - vo - tion bend - ing, Thoughts so -

songs so soft and clear, Stars of night so
cedes and heav'n is near. Light my way to
an - gels' songs of praise; Here a - while in
rene to heav'n we raise. There will come a

bright a - bove me, Shin - ing as from realms of bliss,
those who love me, Now in fair - er worlds than this.
sweet com - mun - ion, Lived the dear ones gone be - fore;
glad re - un - ion, Sing ing, prais - ing, ev - er - more.

BEAUTIFUL PRIMROSE.

FRANK ABT

Cantabile

1. Beau - ti - ful prim - rose, Op' - ning so ear - ly,
2. Light was thy slum - ber, Ear - ly thy wak - ing,

Fresh in thy beau - ty, Take thou my greet - ing,
Sweet is the morn - ing, Beau - ti - ful prim - rose,

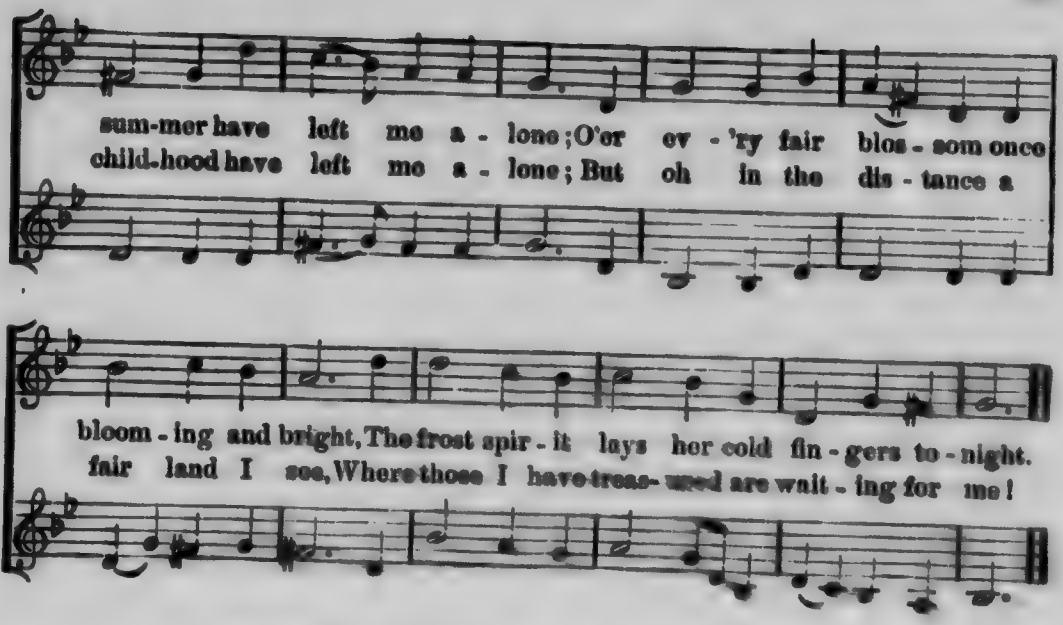
Take thou my greet - ing, Her - ald of springtime.
Beau - ti - ful prim - rose, Her - ald of springtime.

THE SAD LEAVES ARE DYING

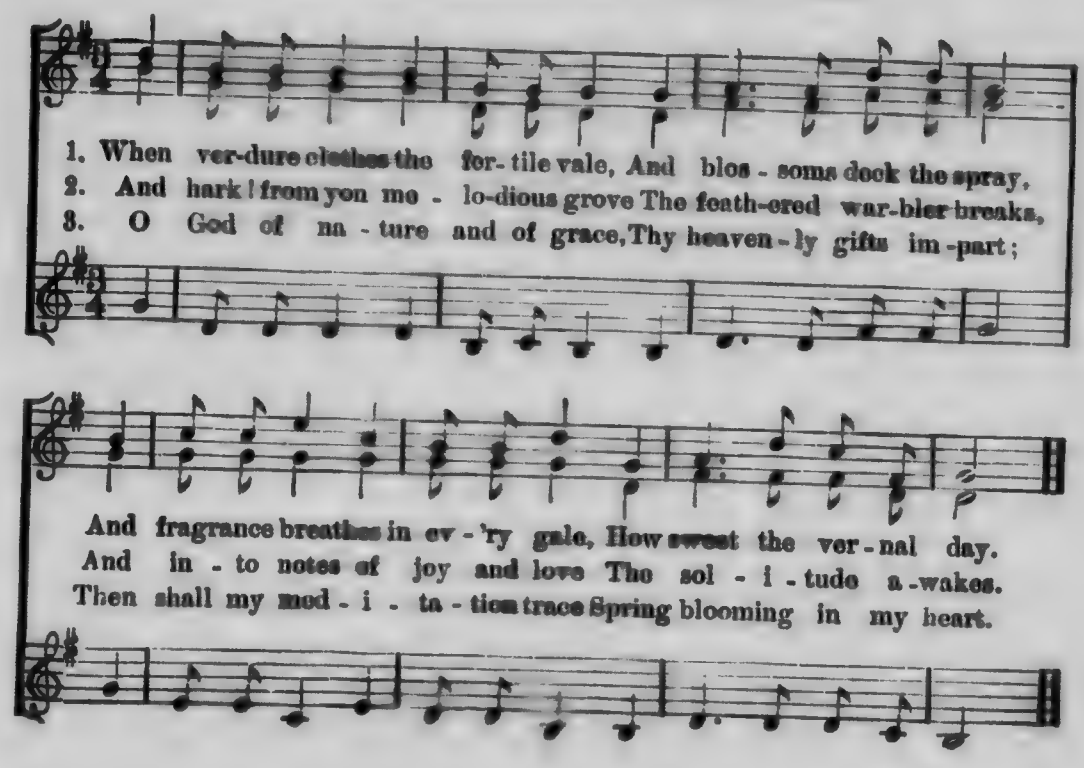
CODE MUSIC DRILL

Slow

1. The sad leaves are dy - ing, the sweet birds have flown, My play-mates of
2. My fond hopes are dy - ing, my loved ones have flown, The friends of my

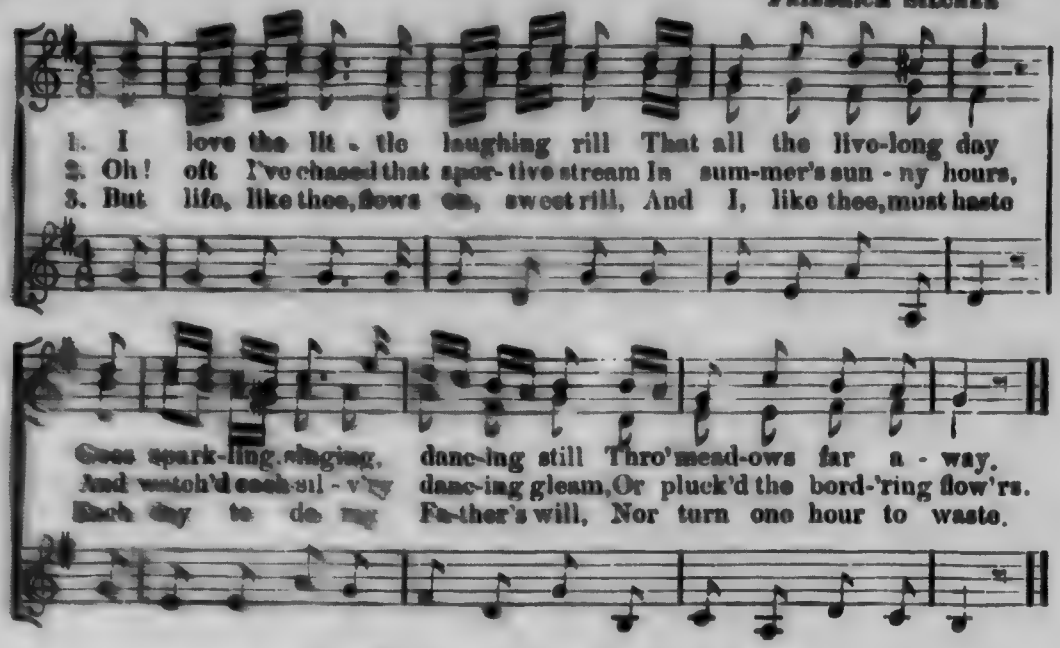


WHEN VERDURE CLOTHES



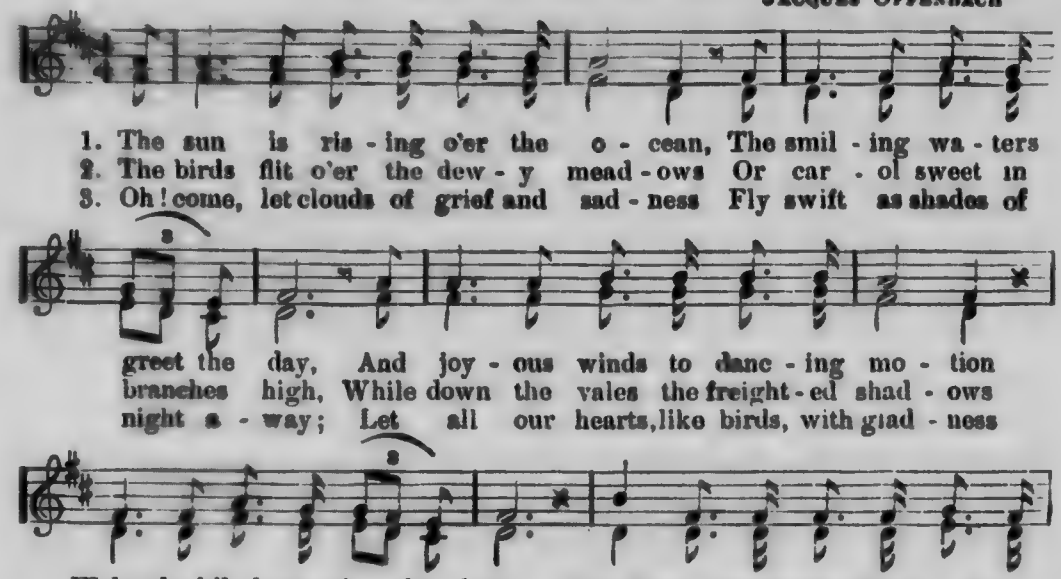
I LOVE THE LITTLE LAUGHING RILL

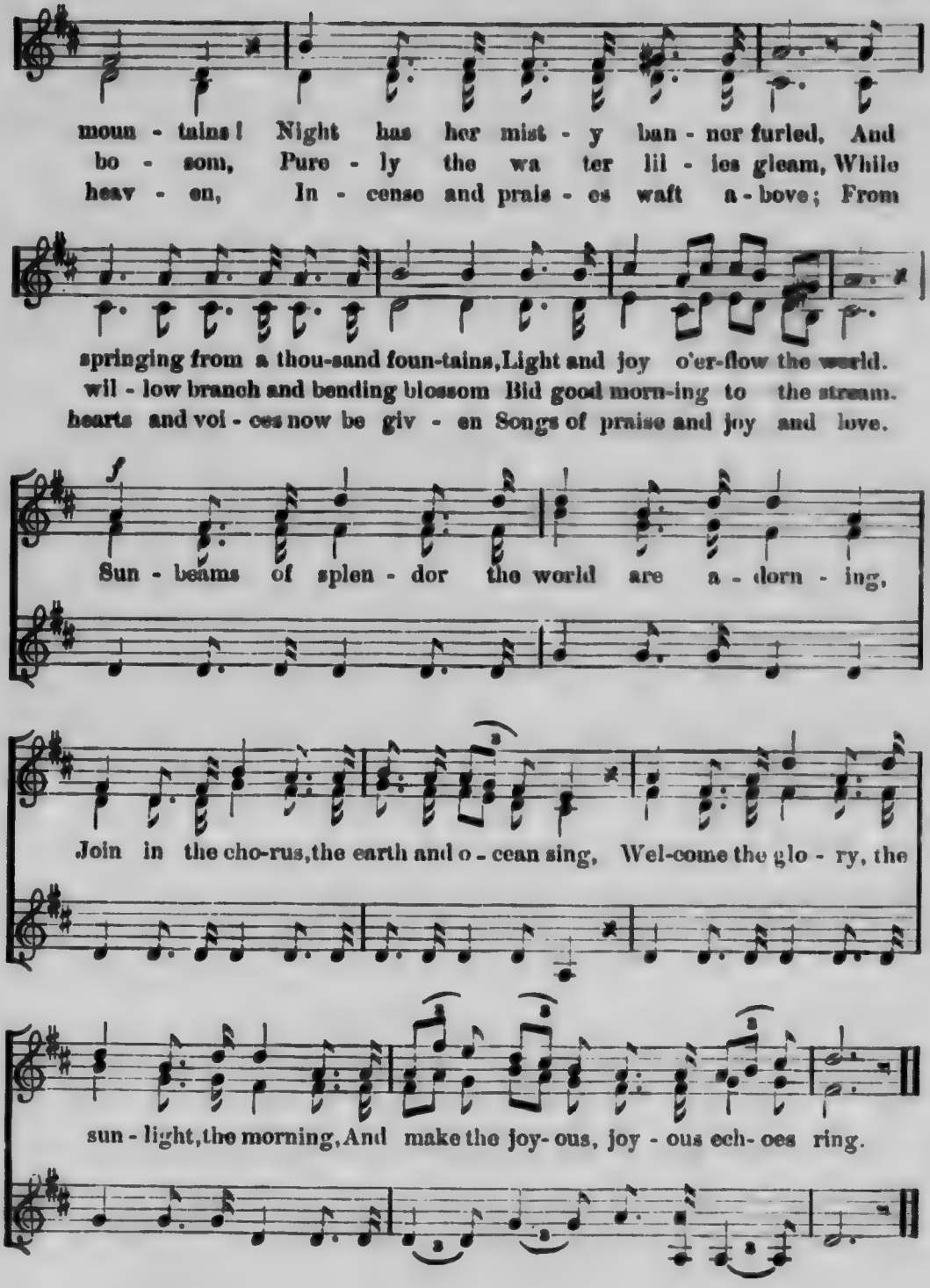
FRIEDRICH SILCHER



THE SUN IS RISING

JACQUES OFFENBACH




moun - tains! Night has her mist - y ban - ner furled, And
bo - som, Pure - ly the wa ter lil - ies gleam, While
heav - en, In - cense and prais - es waft a - bove; From
springing from a thou-sand foun-tains, Light and joy o'er-flow the world.
wil - low branch and bending blossom Bid good morn-ing to the stream.
hearts and voi - ces now be giv - en Songs of praise and joy and love.
f
Sun - beams of splen - dor the world are a - dorn - ing,
Join in the cho-rus, the earth and o - cean sing, Wel-come the glo - ry, the
sun - light, the morning, And make the joy- ous, joy - ous ech- oes ring.

HARK THE DEEP TONED BELL

Moderato — English Folk Song

1. Hark! the deep ton'd bell is call - ing, Come, O come!
2. Now a - gain its notes are peal - ing, Come, O come!
3. Still the ech - oed voice is ring - ing, Come, O come!

Wea - ry ones, no lon - ger wan - der, Hith - er come;
In the sac - red tem - ple kneel-ing, Seek thy home;
Ev - 'ry heart pure in - cense bring - ing, Hith - er come;

Loud - er now and deep - er peal - ing, Wak - ing heart's un -
Come, and in his pres - ence bend - ing, Love the place where
Fa - ther, round Thy foot - stool bend - ing, May our souls to

wont-ed feel - ing, Come, no long-er roam, Come, no long - er roam.
God de-scen - ding Calls the spir - it home, Calls the spir - it home.
heaven ascend - ing, Find in Thee their home, Find in Thee their home.

COME SEEK THE BOWER

Lowell Mason

Duet

Spiritoso

1. Come seek the bower, the ro - sy bow'r, I love its cool re - treat; The
2. Ye youths and maid-ens, join the song, I love a cheer-ful glee; The

sun is high and great his power, And wea - ry are our feet.
ech - oes shall our notes pro - long, Then come and sing with me.

Solo

Then Ed - ward and Em - ma, and Jo - seph and Sa - rah, And

Kit - ty, the beau - ti - ful maid, And Wil - liam and Ma - ry, and

Rob - ert and El - len, And Rich - ard, the call o - beyed.

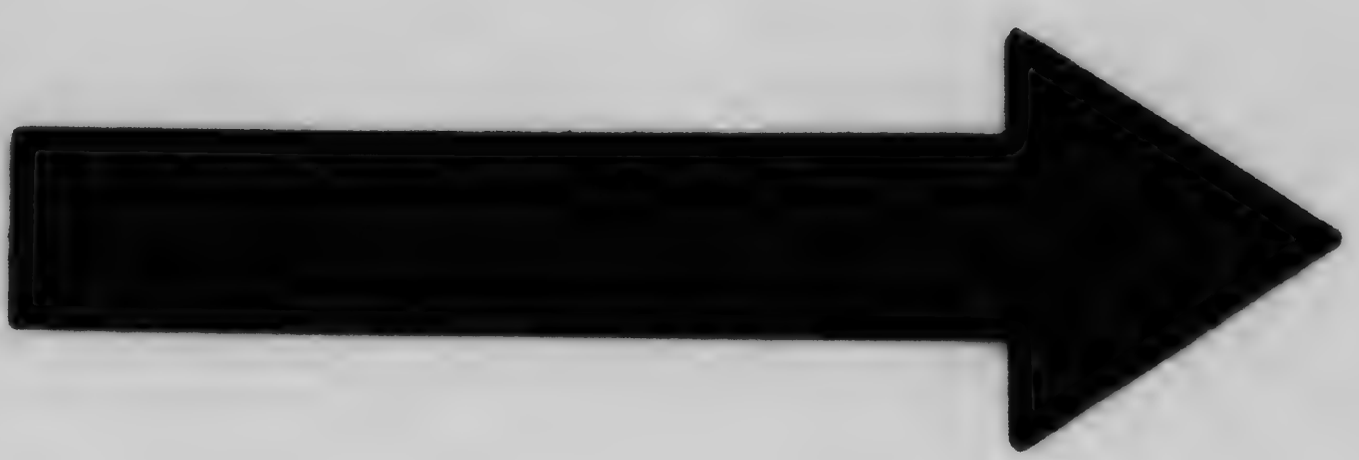
Chorus

Then Ed - ward and Em - ma, and Jo - seph and Sa - rah, And

cres.

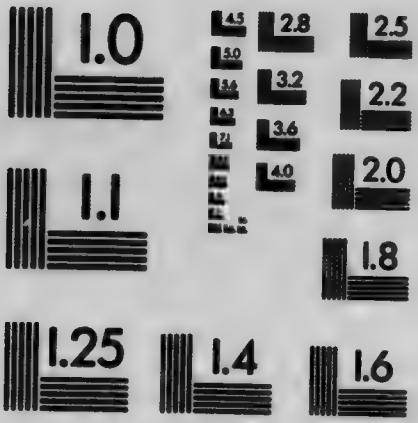
Kit - ty, the beau - ti - ful maid, And Wil - liam and Ma - ry, and

Rob - ert and El - len, And Rich ard, the call o - beyed, The call o -



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

f The call o - beyed, The call o - beyed.

beyed, ... The call o - beyed. . . . . They

sought the bow'r, the ro - sy bow'r, And sat in the pleas - ant

shade, They sought the bow'r, the rosy bow'r, And sat in the pleas-ant shade.

COME OUT

SOLO

GERMAN FOLK SONG

1. Come out, the sun-light calls to rove, And breathe the balmy air; Come,
2. We'll find where mirth and pleasure lie, Then go and seek them there; The

wan - der thro' the leaf - y grove And by the stream-let fair.
eve - nings come, the morn - ings fly, All pleas - ure fades in air.

CHORUS

Then care, be-gone! and grief, a-way! The laughing heav'ns are blue. Of

joy shall ev - er be my lay, To love and vir - tue true.

NOW SUMMER'S LIGHT UNCLOSES

FRIEDRICH HEINRICH HIMMEL

Allegretto

1. Now summer's light un - clos - es Blossoms ten - der, fair and sweet,
2. There in soft fragrance wreathing, Frail and fleet - ing in their stay,

Heav - i - ly droop the ros - es, Beauteous round our wand'ring feet;
Pu - ri - ty fond - ly breath - ing, Soon their bright-ness fades a - way;

rit. *f*

Gai - ly in gar-den blow-ing, In shady grove they rest, they rest, There
Though with ef-fac-ing fing - ers, Decay may sweep their precious bloom, Yet

f *a tempo*

fresh - er charms be - stow-ing, They deck the gen-tle, peace - ful breast.
in the bo-som lin - gers The blessing of their rich per - fume.

HOW SWEET THE DEWY BREATH

N. Käsermann

1. How sweet the dew - y breath of morn! How cheer-ing blows the
2. Fair morn - ing on her balm - y wings, From ev - 'ry flow'r that

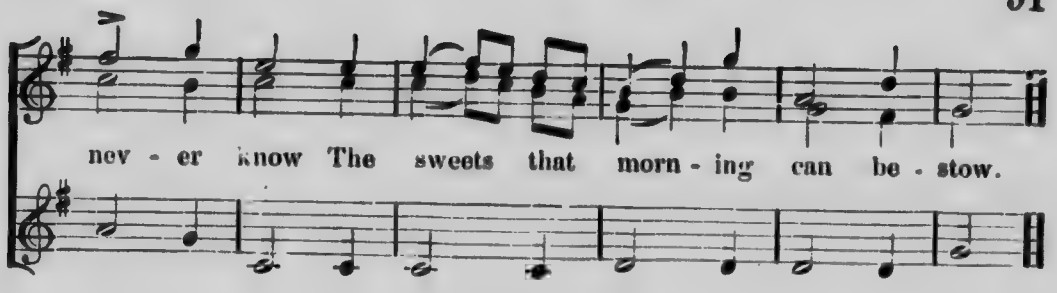
gen - tle gale! What beau - teous streaks the sky a - dorn: What o - dors
blows a - round, To those a faith - ful trib - ute brings Who ear - ly

cres. *dim.*

from the earth ex - hale! But drow-sy mor - tals nev - er know The
tread the dew - y ground. But drow-sy mor - tals nev - er know The

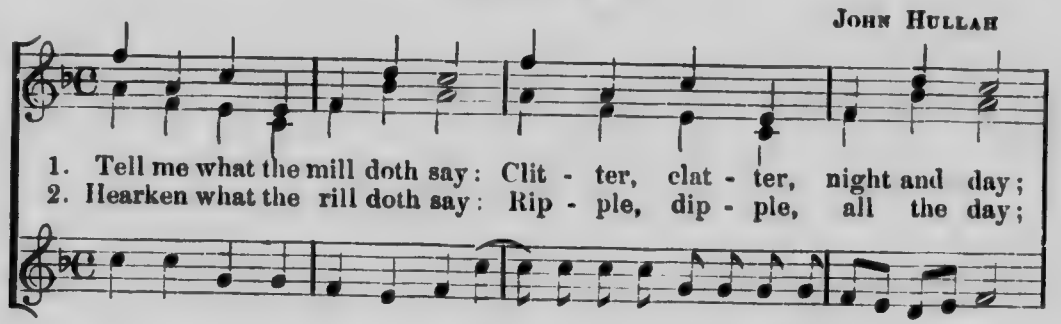
cres. *dim.*

sweets that morn - ing can be - stow; Drow - sy mor - tals

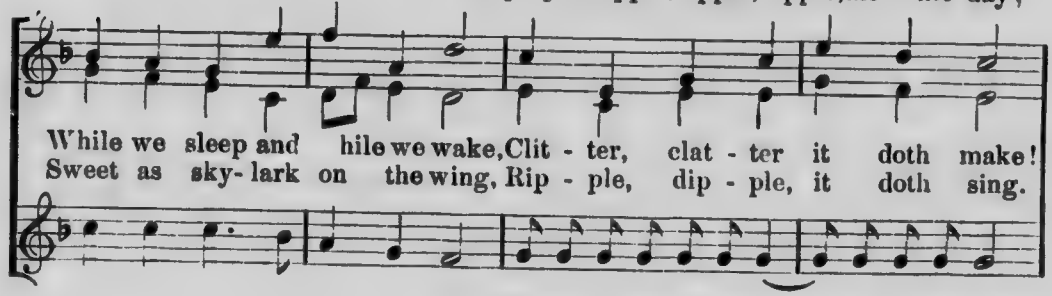


TELL ME

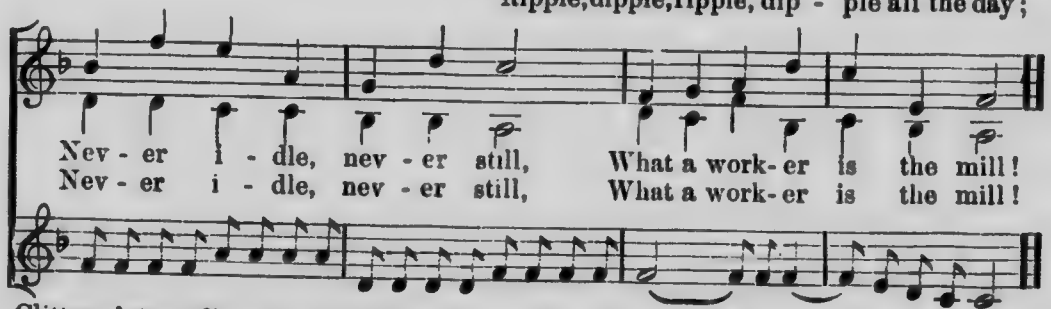
JOHN HULLAH



Clit - ter, clatter, clitter, clatter, night and day;
Rip - ple, dipple, ripple, dipple, all the day;



Clit-ter, clatter, clitter, clat - ter it doth make!
Ripple, dipple, ripple, dip - ple all the day;



Clitter, clatter, clitter, clatter, clitter, clatter, clitter, clatter, What a work- er is the mill!
Ripple, dipple, ripple, dipple, ripple, dipple, ripple, dipple, What a work- er is the mill!

PRAISE THE LORD

Maestoso GUNLICH

1. Praise the Lord, whose word cre - at - ed And whose glo - ries dai - ly shine, Him, who clothes the world in beau - ty, And whose good - ness is di - vine. Praise the Lord, whose word cre - at - ed And whose glo - ries dai - ly shine.
2. Praise the Lord! with joy and glad - ness Let our grateful mu - sic flow, Let our acts of love and kindness All our paths with mer - cy strew. Praise the Lord, whose word cre - at - ed And whose glo - ries dai - ly shine.
3. Praise the Lord, whose word cre - at - ed And whose goodness still sus - tains, And when life's short day is end - ed, Praise in ev - er - last - ing strains. Praise the Lord, whose word cre - at - ed And whose glo - ries dai - ly shine.

FAREWELL

Moderato

FRIEDRICH SILCHER

1. Farewell the pleasant vio - let scent - ed shade, The primros'd hill and dai - sy man - tled mead, The fur - row'd land with spring - ing corn ar - ray'd, The sun - ny wall with bloom - ing branch -es spread.

1. Farewell the bower with blush - ing ros - es gay, Farewell the fragrant clo - ver pur - pled field, Fare-well the walk through rows of new-mown hay, Where eve n-ing breez-es min - gled o - dors yield.

2. Of these no more; now round the lone - ly farms, Where joc - und plenty deigns to fix her seat, Th' au-tum- nal land - scape op'n - ing all its charms, De-clares kind Na-ture's an - nual work complete.

f *dim.*

TWO LITTLE CHAFERS

TRUMM

Spiritoso

1. Two lit-tle cha-fers once there were,..... That buzz'd a-bout with
2. A lit-tle flow-er then they saw,..... And dew was on its

p

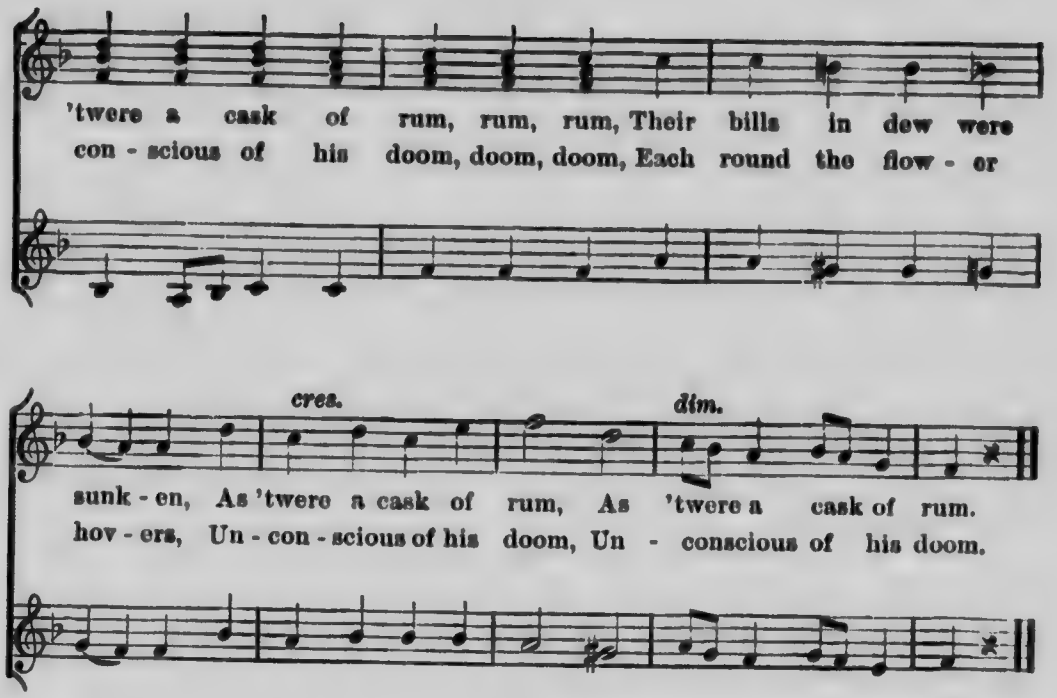
brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum,
bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom,

brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum,
bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom,

Their bills in dew were sunk - en, Un - til they were quite
Our cha - fers then were lov - ers, Each round the flow - er

brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum,
bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom,

drunk - en, Un - til they were quite drunk - en, As
hov - - ers, Each round the flow - er hov - - ers, Un -



3

The flower heard them as they came,
And fancied not their hum, hum, hum,
The was a little sinner,—
A web to spin within her, :‖
She bade the spider come, come, come,
A web to spin within her,
She bade the spider come,
She bade the spider come.

4

The cunning spider thither crept,
And plied her little loom, loom, loom,
The strands she deftly plaited,
‖: And motionless awaited, :‖
As though she might be dumb, dumb,
And motionless awaited, [dumb,
As though she might be dumb,
As though she might be dumb.

5

The silly chafers nearer yet,
And fondly humming come, come, come,
Flew in and then lamented,
‖: Their folly late repented, :‖
When useless 'twas to hum, hum, hum.
Their folly late repented,
When useless 'twas to hum,
When useless 'twas to hum.

6

The little flower laughing said,
Not caring for their gloom, gloom, gloom,
A lesson now I set ye;
‖: O swains ye'll never get me, :‖
For all your hum and drum, drum, drum,
O swains, ye'll never get me,
For all your hum and drum,
For all your hum and drum.

HOME

Andante

PAX

1. Home, home! name how en - dear - ing! Home, home, shrin'd in my breast;
2. Home, home! dearest of plac - es; Home, home, thee I de - sire;
3. Home, home! to thee u - nit - ed, Home, home, for thee I yearn;

Home, home! to my heart cheering, Bringing sweet visions of rest,
Home, home! kind were the fac - es That I have met round thy fire,
Home, home! with thee de-light - ed, Back to thy joys I would turn.

rit.

Home, home! home, home! Bringing sweet vis - ions of rest.
Home, home! sweet home! That I have met round thy fire.
Home, home! sweet home! Back to thy joys I would turn.

BATHING THE BROW

ENGLISH FOLK SONG

1. Bath-ing the brow of the beau - ti - ful night, Lav-ing her garments with
2. Thrilling the earth with its lu - mi-nous kiss, Rous-ing her soul to a
3. Soft as some fan - ci - ful dream of the night, Rip-ples the stream as it

heav - en - ly light, Gild - ing her path-way the love - li - est shade,
rapt - u - rous bliss, Fold - ing her light in a si' - ver - y sheen,
catch - es the light, And when the leaves have been ting'd with its glow,

Beau - ti - ful moon - -

Shin- ing o'er mea-dow and moun-tain and glade, Beau - ti - ful
Close to the heav-ens that o - ver her lean, Beau - ti - ful
There is a mur-mur both ten - der and low, Beau - ti - ful

light, Beau - ti - ful moon - - - light, Beau - ti - ful

moon-light, Beau - ti - ful moon-light,

moon - - - light,

Beau- ti - ful moon-light, Bath-ing the brow of the beau -ti - ful night.

SLEEP BABY SLEEP

Charles E. Whiting

p Andante

1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep; the day is done, The sun has gone to rest,
2. The wind doth sing a lull - ing song A - mong the tree - tops high,
3. The daisies bright have shut their eyes, So, ba - by, go to sleep,
4. Sleep, ba - by, sleep; the night is still, At rest we all should be,

cres. *dim.*

The but - ter - flies fold up their wings, The song-bird seeks its nest.
The riv - er murmurs as it flows A gen - tle lull - a - by.
The stars are peeping from the skies, All night their watch to keep.
Un - til the cock-crow wakes us up The sun a - gain to see.

p

Sleep, ba - by, sleep, Sleep, ba - by, sleep, ...

O hush-a - by, Sleep, ba - by,

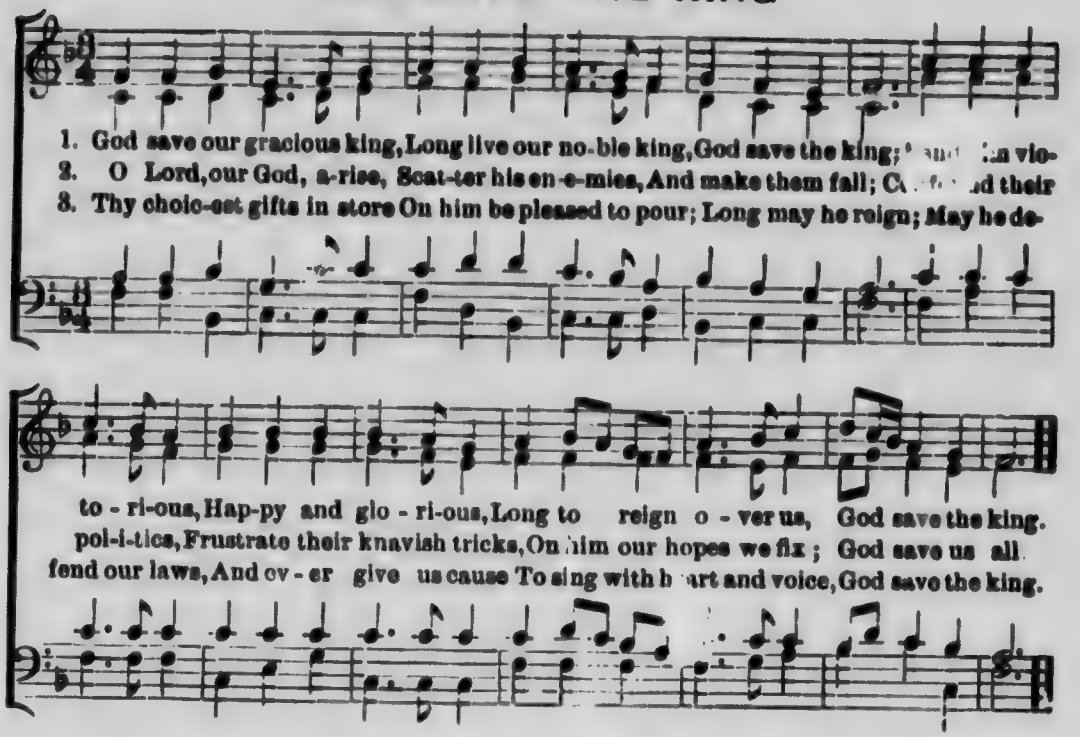
. . . ba - by, sleep,

p *dim.* *pp*

sleep, O hush - a - by, sleep, ba - by, sleep.

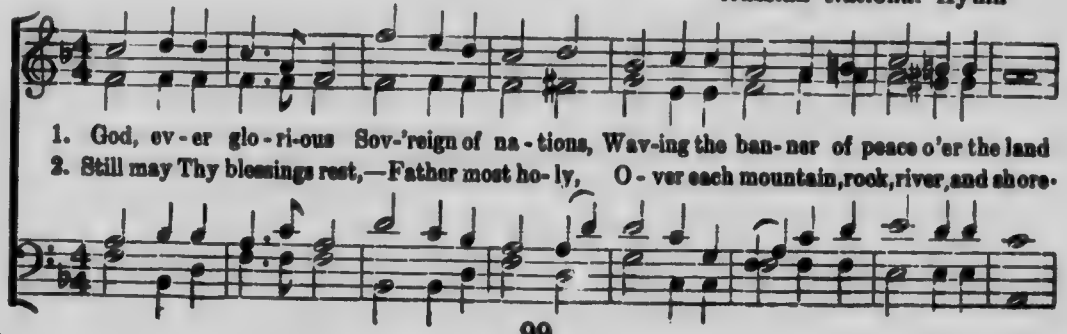
ASSEMBLY SELECTIONS

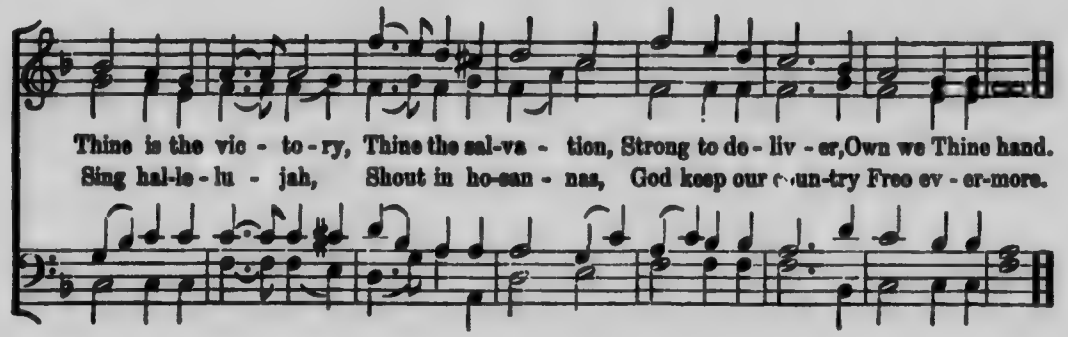
GOD SAVE THE KING



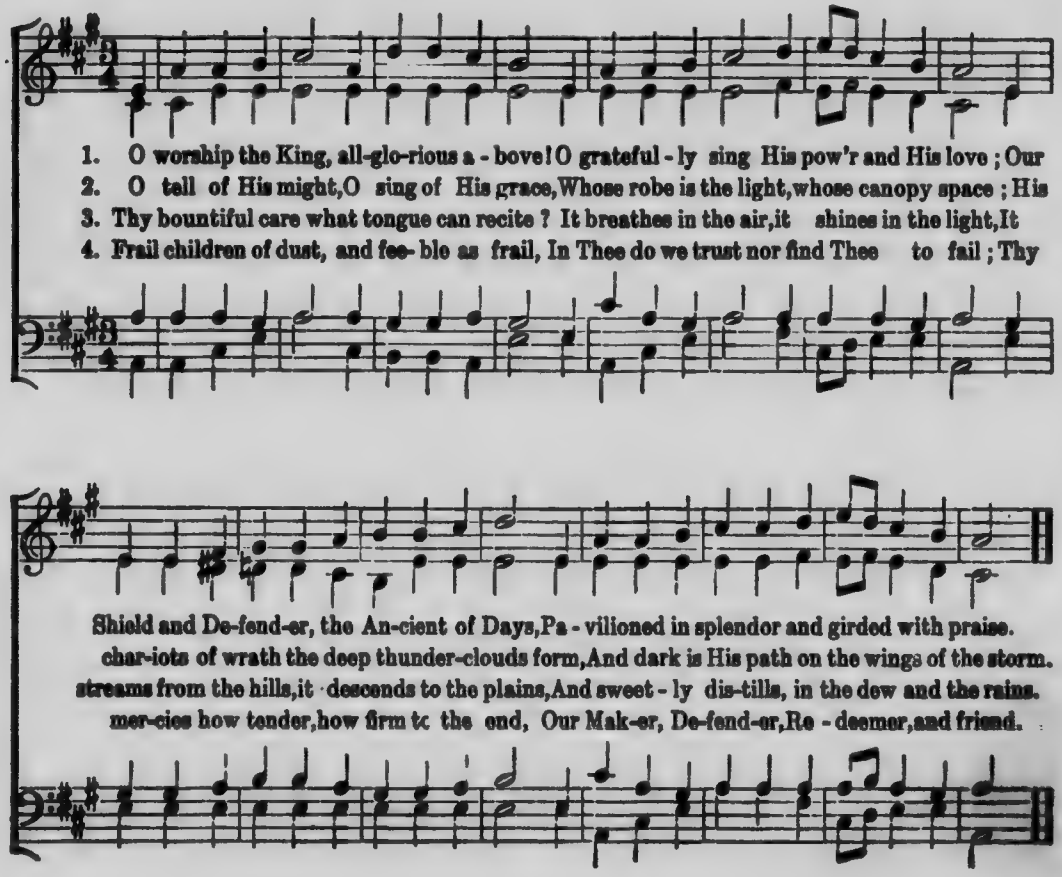
GOD EVER GLORIOUS

Russian National Hymn





O WORSHIP THE KING



A CANADIAN BOAT SONG

THOMAS MOORE

Andante

1. Faint-ly as tolls the eve-ning chime, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
2. Why should we yet our sail un-furl? There is not a breath the blue waves to curl,
3. Ot - ta - wa tide! This trembling moon Shall see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon,

Our voi - ces keep tune and our oars keep time, Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
There is not a breath the blue waves to curl, But when the wind blows off the shore,
Shall see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon. Saint of this green isle, hear our pray'r,

cres - cen - do dim. *f* *sf* *f*

We'll sing at St. Ann's our part-ing hymn. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
Oh, sweet-ly we'll rest our wea - ry oar. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
Oh, grant us cool heav'ns and fav'ring air. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The

cres - cen - do dim. *f* *sf* *f*

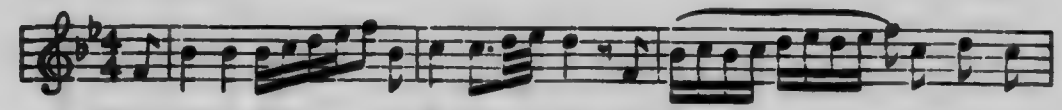
f *cres.* *dim* *f* *sf*

ra-pids are near and the daylight's past, The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

f *cres.* *dim.* *f* *sf*

RULE, BRITANNIA

J. Thomson — Dr. Arne



1 When Britain first . . at Heav'n's command, A- rose . . . . . from out the
2. The nations not . . so bless'd as thee Must in . . . . . their turns to
3. Still more ma-jes - tic shalt thou rise, More dread - - ful from each
4. Thee, haughty ty - rants ne'er shall tame; All their . . . . . attempts to

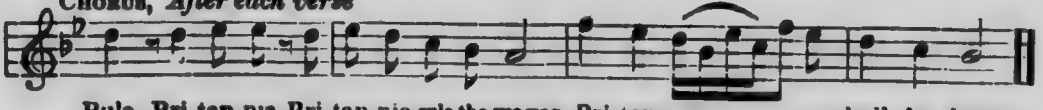
az - ure main, A - rose, a - rose from out the az - ure main,
ty - rants fall, Must in their turns, their turns to ty - rants fall;
for - eign stroke, More dreadful, dread-ful from each for - eign stroke;
hurl thee down, All their at-tempts, at - tempts to hurl thee down,

This was the char - ter, the char- ter of the land. And
While thou shalt flour - ish, shalt flou - rish, great and free, The
As the loud blast that, blast that tears the skies, Serves
Will but a - rouse, a - rouse thy gen - 'rous flame, And

guar - dian An - gels sung the strain: Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -
dread and en - vy of them all. Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -
but to root thy na - tive oak. Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -
work their woe and thy re - nown. Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -

tan - nia rule the waves; Bri - tons nev - - er shall be slaves.

Chorus, *After each verse*



Rule, Bri-tan-nia, Bri-tan-nia rule the waves; Bri-tons nev - er shall be slaves.

5 To thee belongs the rural reign,
‖: Thy cities shall with commerce shine ; :‖
All thine shall be the subject main,
And ev'ry shore encircles thine Cho.

6 The muses still, with freedom crown'd,
‖: Shall to thy happy coasts repair ; :‖
Blest Isle ! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair. Cho

THE MARSEILLAISE

Arranged by
FRANCOIS GUERIN

Words and Music by
ROUGET DE L'ISLE

The first line may be played as a prelude.

1. Ye sons of France, a-wake to glo - ry, Hark, hark, what myr-iads bid you rise.
2. Now, now, the dan-gerous storm is roll - ing, Which treacherous kings con-feder-ate raise;
3. With lux-u -ry and pride sur-rounded, The vile in - sa- tiate des-pots dare,

Your chil-dren, wive and grandsires hon- ry,
The dogs of war, let loose are howl-ing,
Their thirst of gold and power un-bounded,

Behold their tears and hear their cries,
And lo! our walls and ci - ties blaze,
To mete and vend the light and air,

Be-hold their tears and hear their cries;
And lo! our walls and ci - ties blaze.
To mete and vend the light and air

Shall hateful ty-rants mis- chief-
And shall we base-ly view the
Like beasts of bur- den would they

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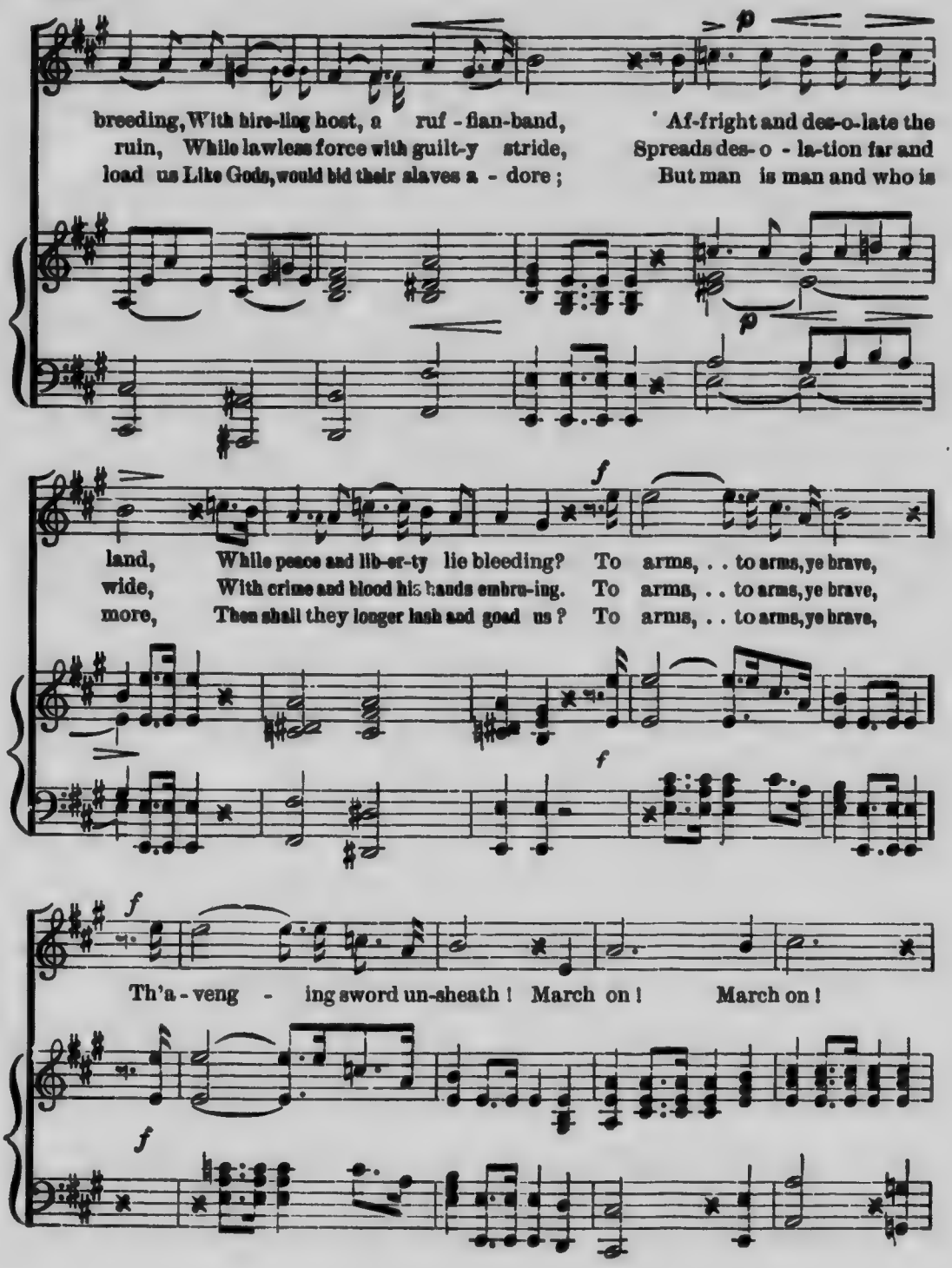
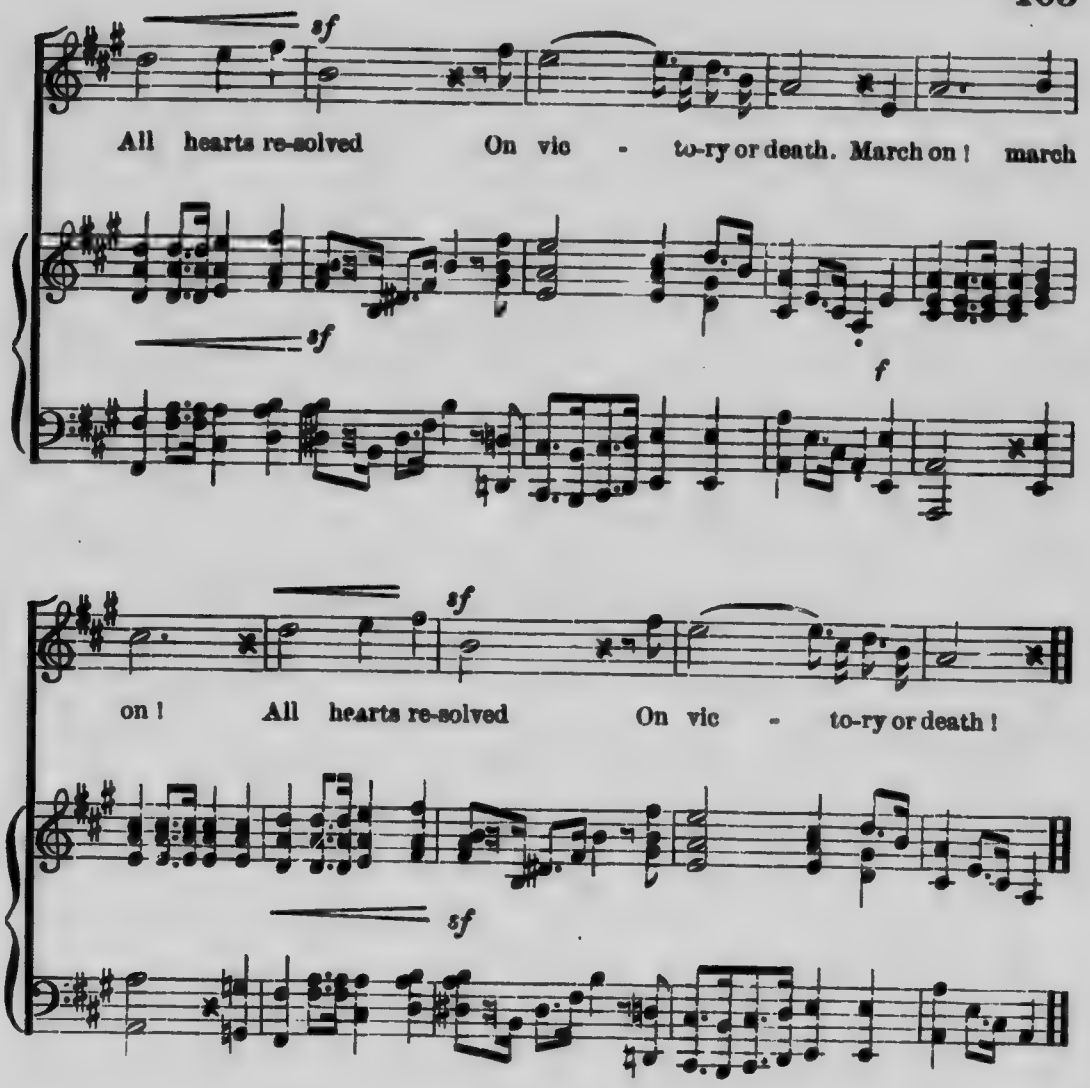

p
breeding, With hire-ling host, a ruf - fian-band, Af-fright and des-o-late the
ruin, While lawless force with guilt-y stride, Spreads des- o - la-tion far and
load us Like Gods, would bid their slaves a - dore; But man is man and who is
p
f
land, While peace and lib-er-ty lie bleeding? To arms, . . to arms, ye brave,
wide, With crime and blood his hands embru-ing. To arms, . . to arms, ye brave,
more, Then shall they longer lash and goad us? To arms, . . to arms, ye brave,
f
f
Th'a - veng - ing sword un-sheath! March on! March on!
f



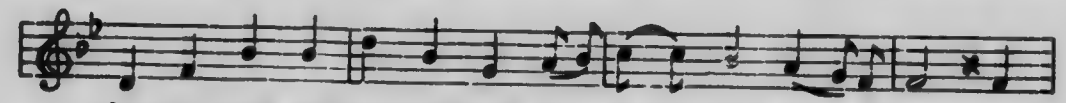
4 O Liberty! can Man resign thee?
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame,
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee?
‖: Or whips thy noble spirit tame? :‖
Too long the world has wept bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms, etc.

5 May patriot love and friends' [illegible]lowing
Still be the aim to which w[illegible]spire.
May each spirit ever be lighted
‖: With the flame they both can inspire. :‖
All may be won; be but united,
Our foes we will crush 'neath our feet;
No more then Frenchmen will repeat
That dread cry which hath our land affrighted!
To arms, etc.

THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER

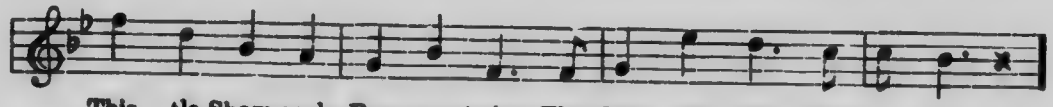
Con spirito ALEXANDER MUIR

1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolfe the daunt-less he-ro came, And
2. At Queenston Heights, and Lun-dy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers side by side, For



plant-ed firm Bri-tan-nia's flag, On Ca-na-da's fair do-main; Here
free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firm-ly stood and no-bly died; And

may it wave our boast and pride, And join in love to-geth-er, The
those dear rights which they maintained, We swear to yield them nev-er, Our



This-tle, Sham-rock, Rose en-twine, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er.
watch-word ev-er more shall be, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er.

CHORUS

The Ma-ple Leaf our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er, God

save our King and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er.

3 Our fair Dominion now extends
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound,
May peace for ever be our lot,
And plenteous store abound,
And may those ties of love be ours,
Which discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf for ever.

4 On Merry England's far-famed land
May kind Heaven sweetly smile,
God bless Old Scotland ever more,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle;
Then swell the song both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our King and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf for ever.

"BRITANNIA, THE PRIDE OF THE OCEAN"

HENRY RUSSELL

The first four measures may be played as a prelude

1. Bri - tan-nia, the pride of the o-cean, The land of the brave and the free, The
2. When war with its wide des-o - la-tion, Now threatened the land to de - form, The

mf *fz* *fz*

shrine of the sailor's de - vo-tion, There's none can com-pare un - to thee! Thy
ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Bri - tan-nia, rode safe thro' the storm; With her

fz

man-dates make he - roes as-sem-ble, With the garlands of glo - ry in view, Thy
lau - rels of vic - to - ry round her, When so no-bly she bore her brave crew, With her

ban-ners make ty-ran - ny trem-ble, When . borne by the Red, White and Blue! When
flag float-ing proud - ly be-fore her, The . boast of the Red, White and Blue! The

borne by the Red, White and Blue! When borne by the Red, White and Blue! Thy
boast of the Red, White and Blue! The boast of the Red, White and Blue! With her

ban-ners make ty-ran-ny trem-ble, When . borne by the Red, White and Blue.
flag floating proud-ly be-fore her, The . . boast of the Red, White and Blue.

A cup of good wine then bring hith-er, And fill it right full to the brim,

mf *fz* *fz*

May the glo-ry of Nel-son ne'er with-er, Nor the star of our na-tion grow dim;

fz

May the Ser-vice u-ni-ted ne'er sev-er, And both to their col-ours prove true,

fz *fz*

The Ar-my and Na-vy for ev-er! Three . . cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!

fz *fz*

Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue! Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!

mp *fz* *mp* *f*

The Army and Na-vy for ev-er! Three . . cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

cres. *fz* *fz*

f *fz* *ff*

O CANADA! OUR FATHERS' LAND OF OLD

CHANT NATIONAL

The Honorable Judge Routhier

C. Leavallee
Arr. by Dr. T. B. Richardson

Maestoso e risoluto

f

poco rit.

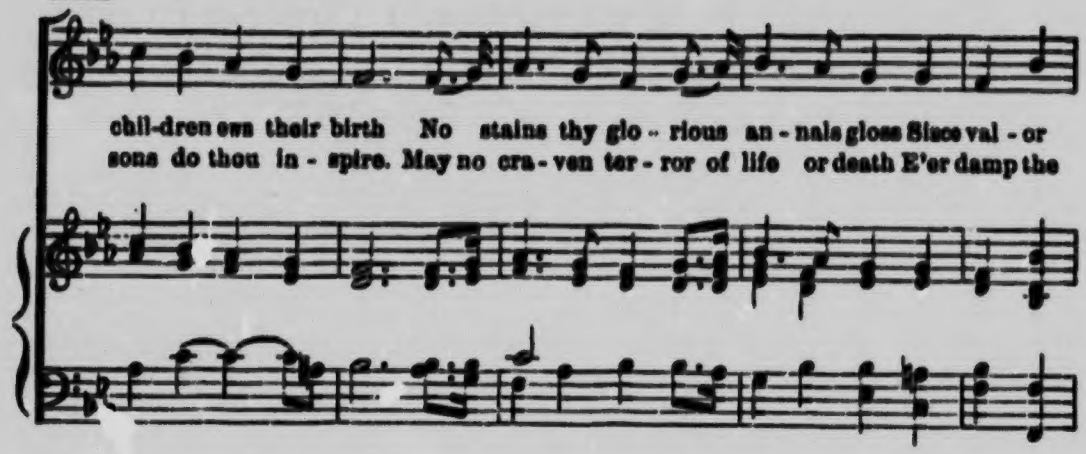
a tempo

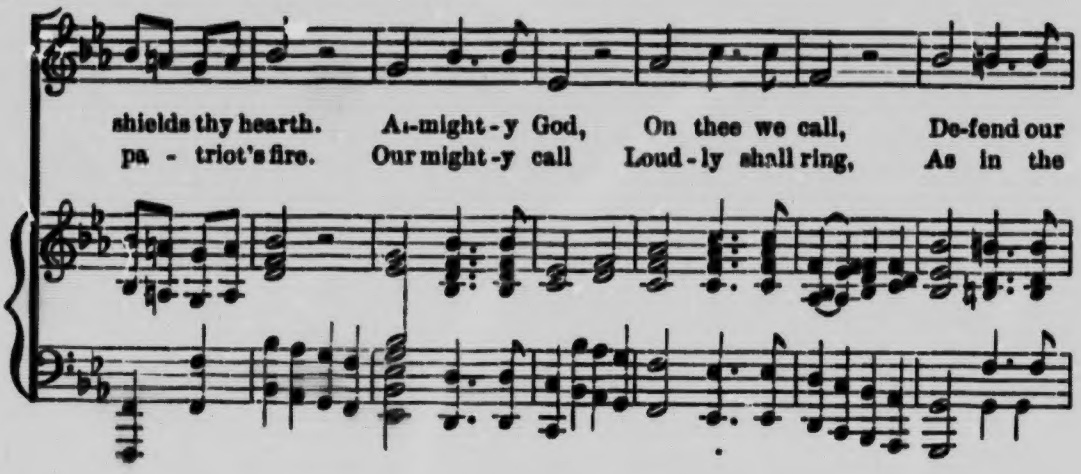
1. O Can - a - da! Our fa-thers' land of old, Thy brow is crown'd with leaves of red and gold. Be- neath the shade of the Ho - ly cross, Thy
2. Al - tar and throne command our sa-cred love, And man-kind to us shall ev - er broth - ers prove. O King of Kings, with Thy might-y breath All our

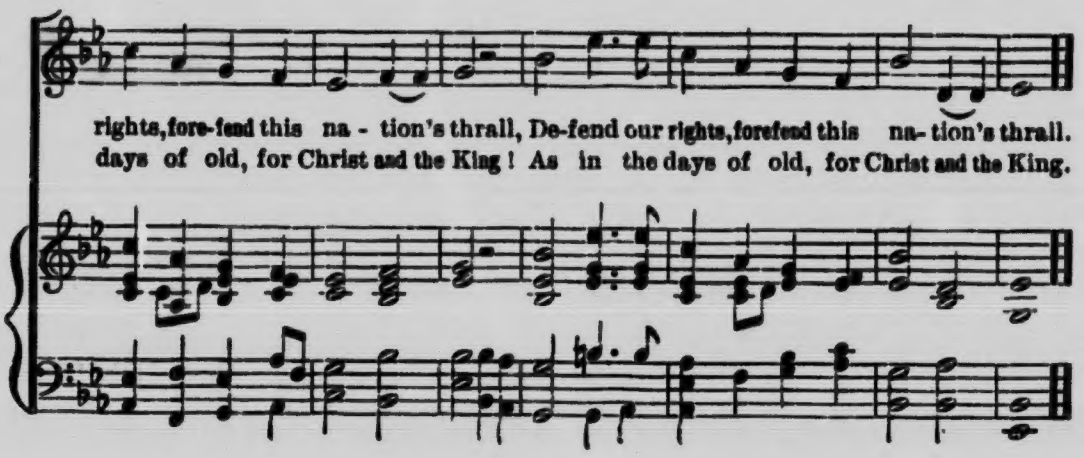
a tempo

p

p


chil-dren ews their birth No stains thy glo - rious an - nals gloss Since val - or
sons do thou in - spire. May no cra - ven ter - ror of life or death E'er damp the


shields thy hearth. A-might - y God, On thee we call, De-fend our
pa - triot's fire. Our might - y call Loud - ly shall ring, As in the


rights, fore-fend this na - tion's thrall, De-fend our rights, forefend this na- tion's thrall.
days of old, for Christ and the King! As in the days of old, for Christ and the King.